THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DAVITT'S DEFEAT.

The Chicago "Herald's" Cable Account of What Led to the Unseating of the Eccentric Agitator.

Bishop Nulty and His Clergy Somewhat Severely Dealt With.

[*Chicago Herald Cablegram.*]

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—Michael Davitt has lost his seat in the house of commons and is ineligible for re-election for seven years. Davitt expected to be ousted, but hoped to escape the penalty that usually follows in cases of the kind. Justice O'Brien delivered the decision of the court at Trim today on the election petition against Davitt's return. The decision deprives Davitt of his seat on the same ground as that which resulted in the unseating of Mr. Fullam as member of parliament for South Meath.

The evidence, so far as Bishop Nulty's pastoral denouncing the Parnellites and threatening spiritual penalties for the free exercise of the right to vote was concerned, applied to North Meath equally with South Meath. The decision, therefore, was a foregone conclusion, and Mr. Davitt had endeavored to forestall it by offering to give up his seat in order to present himself again as a candidate. This could not be permitted, the court holding that it could act only on evidence before it and not upon the admissions in advance of testimony. Besides, there was a great deal of other evidence, including the personal acts of intimidation of voters by priests, and the proof that they were agents of Davitt and were publicly thanked by him after the election, all of which Mr. Davitt was most anxious to suppress. He was, above all, anxious to avoid the bad impression the publication of these things would create in England, because of such action by the bishops and priests being put forth to defeat a distinguished Protestant Nationalist, who had rendered great service to the Irish cause.

Mr. Davitt was elected in the general election by 2,549 votes to 2,146 for his Parnellite opponent, Pierce Mahony, who had been elected in 1886 without opposition. The scenes which attended the contest in North Meath were even more exciting than in South Meath, owing to the bitterness aroused by Mr. Davitt's well known antagonism to the late Mr. Parnell, whom he had endeavored to thwart for several years. Besides the use of all the influence the priests could bring to bear in behalf of Davitt and against the Parnellite candidate, there were many severe physical encounters between the electors on both sides. The result is a crushing blow to Davitt's ambition. When the Land League was started he was a ticket-of-leave man and ineligible to parliament, and his role was to allow the parliamentary leadership to Parnell, while he led the popular movement outside and controlled the members of parliament. When the proper time came he intended to enter parliament and take Parnell's place. A short experience of Parnell, however, soon convinced him of the uselessness of that attempt. Parnell's eminent fitness for the leadership, in and out of parliament, soon became apparent to everybody, and Davitt then undertook the work of undermining him. To effect this purpose he took up the Henry George "natioaalization of the land" theory, which he only half understood, and endeavored to force it on the party in the midst of a fight to the death with the British government, in lieu of the old peasant proprietary programme of which he himself was one of the framers.

The Parnellites throughout Ireland are rejoicing, and bonfires blaze on many a hillside tonight in celebration of Davitt's discomfiture, for of all Parnell's enemies, with the exception of Tim Healy, the friends of "the dead chief" hate Davitt most cordially. Pierce, Mahony, the former member for North Meath whom Davitt defeated by the methods condemned by the court, is a gentleman of old Irish lineage, a graduate of Oxford University and a man of ability. The judge who gave the decision, the counsel on both sides and all the witnesses who testified against the priests are Catholics, without exception. These facts will prevent the decision from hurting Home Rule with English Protestants.

In Ireland the effect will be very different, but none the less favorable to Home Rule. The victory of one Home Ruler over another in a constituency where no Unionist would have any chance of slipping in between the two would be of no particular moment but for the issues involved. The position of the anti-Parnellites, as stated in the clearest and most unequivocal language by Timothy Healy, their leading counsel in the South Meath case, is that the Catholic church has a right to intervene with its spiritual authority in a political contest when a question of morals is involved and that the Catholic prelates have a right to decide for themselves when and where and under what limits that authority is to be exercised. Bishop Nulty's pastoral and sermon and the sermons of several priests distinctly made the exercise of the franchise a matter of church discipline, and the lawyers for the respondent sustained that position. The Parnellites, who were the petitioners, distinctly denied this authority and characterized it as subversive of the rights of citizenship. On that issue the battle was fought in the courts and will be fought again at the polls.

Irish Protseeants have watched the fight with the keenest interest. It is a notorious fact that they oppose Home Rule because they oppose the political power of the Irish hierarchy and clergy, acting under orders from Rome, and their orators and editors are never tired of assuring their English fellow Protestants that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." Their opposition is the chief obstacle to Home Rule, and it can only be removed by removing their fears, which are undoubtedly genuine. Since the present factious struggle began they have been watching it as a fair test of what their chances would be. The alliance of the anti-Parnellites with the English Liberals made the contest unequal, but the Protestants have been gradually coming to the conclusion that their interests would be safer with the Parnellites than with English politicians. The Meath decisions have strengthened them in that belief, and if the Parnellites should grow strong the accession of many thousands of Protestants to the party is only a matter of time. If they should go over in numbers sufficient to carry a majority of the Ulster constituencies the last English objection to Home Rule would be removed.

Some of the scenes in court were decidedly amusing. One priest, under cross-examination, described an altercation with a laborer as he was accompanying him to attend his sick wife. "Will you give me your vote?" asked the priest. "No," said the laborer, "I'll vote for the man that put the roof over my head." "But Parnell is dead," said the priest. "Never mind, I'll vote for the man that stands by his principles." When reminded that the bishop was opposed to the Parnellite candidate the laborer replied hotly that he didn't care if the Pope and all the cardinals were opposed to him he would cast his vote as he thought proper.

A Parnellite who has a strong-minded wife described his interview with his better half on returning crestfallen from a stormy interview with his parish priest. "Did you promise him your vote?" asked his spouse, impatiently. "I didn't," said Pat. "If you did," said the wife, "you might never look me in the face again." All this was drawn out of him on cross-examination, amid roars of laughter. There were some breezy passages between Healy and O'Shaunessy, the opposing counsel, and Judge O'Brien contributed largely to the wit which enlivened the proceedings.

CATHOLIC SOCIABILITY.

A Delicate Question.

Maurice Francis Egan, in San Francisco Monitor.

The next Catholic Congress will devote itself entirely to social topics—social topics which in various forms have shaken the world since the time of Moses; but there is one social topic that is too delicate to be handled; and that is, the social relations of Catholics of a congregation—I presume we may say "parish" now—with one another.

We know that the main strength of non-Catholic religious organizations lies in the strengthening of the social side of their "church relations." Every minister understands that thoroughly. He does not imagine that his eloquence will hold his flock together, not the beautiful prayers he addresses to them, nor his choir, nor his service of song, nor his Thursday evening meeting. He does not depend on dogma; for to his congregation dogma is

"A word of fear
Unpleasant to the pampered ear."

Therefore he must depend on the interlinking of the social chains. He succeeds in proportion to the skill with which he does this. Mr. Lyman Abbott, for instance—Mr. Beecher's successor in Plymouth Church—has succeeded in a most difficult position, because he knows the management of the social wires.

But Catholic churches are not social clubs. And so far as careful and complete organization is concerned, nothing can exceed the perfection of organization within Jesuit congregations. We have all observed the care with which the Fathers of the society—God bless them!—will create a parish out of nothing and make it flourish through all difficulties. A priest has no time for the little social attentions that occupy so many of the hours of the minister and the minister's wife. Besides, he cannot dine with one member of his congregation, except on special occasions, without exciting the criticisms of the rest of his people. There is an impression in Catholic congregations that the poor man's corn beef and cabbage is just as good as the rich man's *pate de foie gras*. And the priest must accept this unless he is willing to cause much heart-burning and dissatisfaction. The consequence is, that, from motives of prudence, a priest with every grace of mind and charm of manner, must stay at home a great deal. For in this country, there is nothing that the body of Catholics resent so much as any seeming partiality on the part of their pastor for the rich. A priest with us has no social position, he is everybody's equal and everybody's superior.

The priest, then, is powerless to rattle the social dry bones into life, as the ministers do. Whatever can be done must be done by the people themselves. Do they do enough of it? Would it add to the strength and influence of the Faith in this country, if more of it were done? And how can it be done?

There is a constant complaint that Catholics are unsocial among themselves. There is a constant complaint that good young men and young women drift away from us because they are frozen out of their proper environment. There is a constant complaint that, while there is the greatest equality in our churches, we are devoted more to the worship of caste outside of them than any other class. "God and myself," the sarcastic say, is our motto,—and that our neighbors are only helped by us when they are entirely trodden down by the world; that we have no room for equals, and that we are merely tolerant to inferiors. This is not true; but, it has the appearance of truth. In Brooklyn once, a colored man took a long time in blacking my boots, and it occurred to me that I might do a little evangelizing, in order to distract his mind from the vastness of the work he had undertaken, and to strengthening my patience; but he settled me. "If you Catholics," he said, "would make as much of us outside your churches as you do when we go in 'em, you might catch some of us."

There is no analogy between old Ned's speech and the subject in hand,—it only reflects a feeling that is common,—a feeling that we kneel together at the same altar rail, and in the same pew, and then "cut one another dead" outside. Who, for instance, is so adept in the social art of freezing as the eminent woman in the congregation, who has a grandfather she is not afraid to acknowledge?—or whose husband can afford to set up a brougham?—or who is well received in that Protestant circle, for whose recoguition so many "fool-women" long?

I'd rather be
Genteely damned beside a duke,
Than saved in vulgar company."

Are there not women in Chicago who, if it were not for certain scruples, would reflect this sentiment where the affable Mrs. Potter Palmer is concerned? And pious creatures in New York who feel that Heaven would be hardly Heaven without dear Mrs. Van Roosevelt, who sometimes looks in at the sewing society, where frightful flannel garments are manufactured for unknown Catholic children? Have we, in fact, not a great many snobs with us?

SONG OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

I prize Columbia's peerless land
All other lands above,
But 'tis my bliss that I have known
An Irish mother's love;
And ever 'twas my fondest wish,
My prayer to heaven, that I
Might help to aid my motherland,
Where Tone and Emmet lie.

I've seen my country's starry flag
Breast high the battle's tide,
And proudly there, in danger's front,
The Green waved side by side;
I've heard stern Meagher's maddened cry
And saw his sullen frown,
When on the heights of Fredericksburg
The sister flags went down.

And oft beside the camp-fire's light,
As closed the bloody day,
When wearied by the dreadful fight,
My soldier comrades lay;
I've heard them pray, with flashing eye
And hearts lit up with pride,
That yet their old Green Flag would fly
And flash by Shannon's side.

And then I've felt the fierce red blood
Course madly through my veins,
And thought I heard upon the breeze
The clank of Erin's chains;
And deeply prayed to freedom's God
That I might strike a blow,
To help to right poor Ireland's wrongs,
And smite her cruel foe,

Old land! if e'er your banner green
Leaps up to greet the sun,
If e'er its folds in battle gleam
'Mid flash and blaze of gun,
There's one who in the breach shall stand
Beneath that banner fair,
And in the strife for motherland
Shall win or perish there.

COL. CAVANAGH HONORED.

Col. James Cavanagh has been at the head of the Sixty-ninth Regiment for twenty-five years, and the silver jubilee was celebrated Monday evening week with a banquet at Delmonico's, New York, About one hundred persons were present, among them the officers of the Sixty-ninth and other regiments and other local public men. The Sixty-ninth men wore regimentals, but all the other guests were in evening dress. The music was furnished by the Sixty-ninth regiment band, and at the conclusion of the dinner Col. Cavanagh was serenaded.

Those who responded to the toasts, besides the Colonel, were Maj-Gen Porter, Gen. Fitzgerald, Col. Daniel Appleton, Commander Miller, of the Naval Reserve; Capt. Chas. F. Roe; Judge James Fitzgerald, Recorder Smyth, Rev. James J. Dougherty, Mayor-Elect Thomas F. Gilroy, Senator William L. Brown, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, Major Paul Dana and Supervisor W. J. Kenney, of the *City Record*.

Others present were Gen. Varian, Jas. S. Coleman, ex-Judge M. J. Power, Col. Scott, Col. Seward, Col. Green, Col. Camp, William J. Penny, Commissioner Arthur Gallop, Major Van Duzer, Comptroller Myers, Capt. David Wilson, Second Battery; Capt. Louis Wendel, First Battery; Inspector Conlin, Major George W. McKean and Major Haverty.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XX.

It was May, '48; and, in the opinion of our London enemies, the time had come to put an end to treason and sedition in Ireland by all or any means. They knew we would not commence an actual insurrection until November; and they feared that by that time Ireland might be too strong for them. They betrayed their apprehensions in various ways. The *Morning Chronicle*, then a ministerial organ, to rouse the fear and rage of ignorant English readers, discoursed in this manner:

"Let us suppose an Irish Republic established on the most democratic basis, and a government formed of the present heads of the Repeal party, Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchel, with, perhaps, an infusion of O'Connells and MacHales. Their avowed 'mission' is to break up the 'old British Empire;' their appetites would have been whetted by Saxon blood, and their ambition flushed by success over Englishmen. An unemployed and desperate population would be on their hands; and their only chance of existence would consist in expending its energies on foreign war. Let us proceed to reflect that they would then, as now, possess in every town of Great Britain an Irish garrison, and that then, as now, they would command the sympathies and assistance of all the disaffected part of our working population.

"Let any sensible man calmy ask himself what possible chances all these contingencies combined would leave for preserving peace. Well, then, say our opponents, let war come; we will reconquer Ireland. If you do, you will be exactly where you are now; but will you be able to conquer her? Recollect that if England would be the 'natural enemy' of an Irish Republic, France and America would be her 'natural allies.'

" * * * * We have great faith in the star of England, but—under these circumstances—we fear we should have to confess that Mr. Mithel's sinister prophecies were on the point of accomplishment, and that the last hour of the 'old British Empire' had struck. That would, indeed, be a glorious day for Ireland! The tables would be turned with a vengeance, when an Irish army of occupation should give the law in the British metropolis."

The whole British Press ran wild with furious imprecations against these Irish "traitors" and "rebels." The *Morning Post* suggested that—

"A Bill might be passed, enabling two or more magistrates, upon satisfactory proof of treasonable language having been spoken or written by any person, to commit that person forthwith to prison and hard labor for three months; or a summary power to flog the persons guilty of the infamy of exciting the people to attack the government."

The British people were thoroughly aroused to their danger. Their organ (*Punch*) duly represented, for them, the Irish cutthroats, with every infamy of outrage that wood engraving and types could express; and even the grave *Spectator* offered some receipts for settling matters with us, of which I shall give one as a sample:—

"HOW TO ROAST AN IRISH PATRIOT.

"Pick out a young one; speakers or editors are very good. Tie the arms behind the back, or close to the sides; but not too tight, or the patriot will be prevented from moving, and the ribs will not be done. Skewer down to the pile. You will want a strong, steady fire. Dry pine makes a very good blaze. When the fire gets low, throw in a little oil or fat. When nearly done, a little gunpowder thrown in will make the patriot skip; some cooks consider this important."

This is evidently a joke, and intended to be amusing; but such things show what was the temper of the British people. They had learned, as they believed, the real character of Irish agitators, through the articles which Lord Clarendon hired Birch to write about us, and were impatient to destroy such a gang. The Treason-Felony Act had been supported eagerly in Parliament by both parties; it instantly passed through the House of Peers; and the *Illustrated News* had a large engraving representing the Queen signing her name to it with an air of vixenish spite, stamping her foot as she did it.

In Ireland, Lord Clarendon was getting up, through the Grand Masters of the Orangemen, loyal addresses, and declarations against "rebels" and "traitors." In fact, the Orange farmers and burghers of the North were fast becoming diligent students of the *United Irishman*; and although they and their Order had been treated with some neglect of late, both by England and by the Irish aristocracy, they were now taken into high favor; and arms were secretly issued to some of their lodges, from Dublin Castle.

But this needed prudence; for Protestant Repeal Associations had been formed in Dublin, in Drogheda, and even in Lurgan, a great center of Orangeism. To counteract the progress we had made in this direction, the rristocracy and the clergy were incessant in their efforts, and the Protestants were assured that if Ireland should throw off the dominion of Queen Victoria, we would all instantly become vassals to the Woman who sitteth upon Seven Hills.

The Viceroy, at the same time, took care to frighten the moneyed citizens of Dublin and other towns by placards warning them against the atrocious designs of "Communists" and "Jacobins," whose only object, his lordship intimated, was plunder. Lord Clarendon seemed to deliberate for some days whether he would proclaim and disarm Dublin, under the late Arms Act; or whether he would make one last desperate plunge into the "Law." The first course would have drenched the city in blood. Our Club-men had not gone to so much trouble and expense in supplying themselves with arms, only to give them up to the enemy. The Chartists and Irish in England, too, were in dangerous humor; and if troops had once been let loose on the people in Ireland, many a city and factory would blaze high in England. On the whole, he resolved to begin with me. If I were once removed, he thought the difficulty would be more manageable.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

IRISH NEWS.

Rev. Father McDonald, C.C., St. Michael's, Enniskillen, who was recently announced as recovering from his serious illness, has had a relapse.

An excellent entertainment in connection with St. Patrick's Debating and Recreation Club was given recently in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, Donegal street, Belfast, kindly lent for the occasion by Father Crickard, Adm.

A very handsome mural tablet has just been placed on the south wall of the late Very Rev. T. O'Reilly, P.P., V.F., Kinawley, Swanlinbar. The work was executed by Mr. McCullough, manumental works, Armagh.

At present there are twenty-eight boys in St. Patrick's Male and Female Orphanage, Cork, under the care of the Presentation Brothers. The average number of girls under the care of the Sisters of Mercy was twenty-nine. Ten were admitted during the year and five provided with situations.

A drawing of prizes in aid of the choir of Ardmore Catholic Church has been held. The choir, which was started some eighteen months ago, has made splendid progress under the skillful tuition of Mr. E. Conaghan, organist, St. Columb's Derry. The result must be very gratifying to the Rev. Father McKeefrey, the proceeds having realized close on £50.

On Tuesday fortnight the month's Memory Office and High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. W. Buckley, P.P., were celebrated in the church of Upper Feakle. Rev. P. Crowe, P.P., Clare Castle, was celebrant of the Requiem Mass. Rev. J. McNamara, P.P., O'Gonnollee, deacon; Rev. M. Scanlan, C.C., Newmarket, sub-deacon; Rev. P. McInerny, P.P., Feakle, master of ceremonies. In the unavoidable absence of the Right Rev. Dr. McRedmond, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of Killaloe, the Very Rev. Dr. Culligan, V.G., Killaloe, presided.

Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, has celebrated his episcopal silver jubilee. The Most Rev. John Walsh was born in Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, on May 24, 1830; ordained in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, on Nov. 1, 1854; consecrated Bishop of Sandwich on Nov. 10, 1867; in 1869 he removed his episcopal residence to London, Canada, and was made Archbishop of Toronto on the death of Archbishop Lynch, and took possession of the See on Nov. 27, 1889.

The parish of Kiltmagh has sent a subscription of £25 towards the Evicted Tenants' Fund.

It is stated that if the Midland Great Western Railway Company take over the Achill Extension Railway they will ply a small steamer between Achill Sound and Belmullet.

The Month's Mind of the late Sister Mary Gertrude Kelly, one of the nuns of the Middleton Presentation Convent, was celebrated two weeks ago in the presence of a large number of the laity and priests of the district. The Very Rev. Canon Hutch, P.P., Midleton, presided at the Office for the Dead, the cantors being the Rev. John Barry, P.P., Carrigtwohill, and the Rev. John O'Donoghue, C.C., Midleton. Requiem Mass imme iately followed, the celebrant being the Very Rev. Canon Hutch, P.P., Midleton; deacon, the Rev. James Barry, C.C., Lisgoold; sub-deacon, Rev. Walter P. O'Brien, C.C., Midleton, and the master of ceremonies was the Rev. E. Moreton, C.C., Midleton.

Mr. M. F. Hussey, agent to Lord Dillon, has sent notices to his lordship's tennants, in which he says, "As the majority of the tenants do not seem disposed to pay their rents I have to inform them that legal proceedings for the recovery of same will now be taken without further notice." Canon O'Hara, P.P., in a letter to the *Freeman*, says the people of Kilmovee are disposed to pay their rents if the landlord would only give them an abatement which any fair-minded man would say was reasonable, and he asks, "Will Mr. Hussey say is he disposed to give an all round abatement on every year's rent received within the next three months?"

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN KEARNS.

Mr. John Kearns, No. 2712 Emerald avenue, died at his home in this city, on the 14th inst. at the early age of 43 years. He was a good, honest citizen and had the respect of every one who came in contact with him. Mr. Kearns was a member of the Emory A. Storrs Council of the Royal Arcanum. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. The interment was at Gilman, Ill., and the remains were escorted by Messrs. McHugh, Healy, Miller, McInerny, Casey, Crean and Linquist.

MISS ADALINE E. SCULLY.

Miss Adaline E. Scully, daughter of Justice Daniel Scully, died at her father's residence, No. 350 Warren avenue, on Monday, after a prolonged illness, in her 17th year. Miss Scully was a most estimable young lady and her premature death has cast a deep shadow on a hitherto happy home circle. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning, from the family residence to St. Malachy's Catholic church, where high mass of requiem was celearated by Rev. Father Thomas P. Hodnett and his assistant priests. The interment was in the family lot at Calvary cemetary.

MR. G. H. ST. JOHN.

It is seldom the death of an ordinary citizen excites so much keen sympathy as that of G. H. St. John, late of No. 4216 Prairie avenue. He recently died at Geneva Lake, Wis., where he sojourned for a short period in pursuit of health. Although not 33 years old he had made a host of friends in the business world of the Stock Yards, where he was extensively interested in the produce trade. His heartbroken widow and three orphans have been dealt a severe blow by his death—all the more severe because of his unremitting attention to them and home. Unselfishness was a prominent trait in his character; his generosity was as judicious as it was extended, and there are many of his neighbors who have shared the results of these characteristics. His widow, who is the sister of Mrs. Peter Leddy of Thirty-first street and Wentworth avenue, is prostrated with grief. It is so sad to think that a husband and father so exemplary as he was should be taken away in the prime of life. The ample provision he made for his family in no way alleviates the bitterness of the sorrow which casts its shadow over their social happiness. The immense funeral cortege following his remains to their last resting place displayed the regard in which he was held by all who knew him. D.

MR. CHARLES S. WARD.

One of those sudden visitations of Providence which passeth all understanding, visited the household of Mrs. M. E. Ward in the death of her beloved son, Charles Stewart Ward, Dec. 14. When death steals upon the aged and infirm it is but the law of nature asserting its prerogative, and the closing of life ripened with age is a natural sequence, but when death cuts off the flower and promise of youth, leaving in its calamitous wake, cherished memories of home life and all the endearing associations inseparably linked with fond hopes and the prayers of a loving mother and family, it is a bereavement which cannot be understood except by those who in silence mourn their loss. Charles S. Ward, son of Mrs. M. E. Ward and the late James Ward, whose sudden death from apoplexy so shocked his many friends, was a young man of much promise. He was born in Chicago twenty-two years ago, and was educated at the Jesuit college, where he imbibed a Christian education. He was kind and genial in social life, and unassuming and deferential in his deportment to all. His many friends grieve with his sorrowing relatives in their great bereavement. High mass was celebrated over his remains at St. Malachy's church by Rev. Father Hitchcock, and a touching sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Hodnett. The remains were interred in Calvary cemetery in the family lot. Funeral private. Peace to his ashes.

A FRIEND.

Keep off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symtoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

People are wishing each other the compliments of the season and exchanging gifts. Did it ever occur to you to send an ailing friend a package of Ayer's Sarsaparilla? If not, do so now; and try this medicine yourself, if you need a first-class blood-purifier.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

More than another week elapsed ere Edmund O'Tracy was sufficiently recovered to think of quitting the house he was in and escaping into the country. This would be a very risky undertaking; for, immediately on discovering the plot to seize the Castle, the lords justices had commanded all persons not residing in Dublin or the suburbs to leave the city at once under pain of death, and numerous bands of soldiers and volunteers patrolled the stueets both by day and night. Therefore our friend O'Tracy's convalescence was to him a periad of anxiety. His host, a fat and genial burgher, advised him to have no fear, and in good time all should be well. There was nothing for it but to adopt the worthy man's advice; but at length an event occurred which strongly impressed our hero with the necessity of quitting old Eblana as speedily as possible.

The window of his chamber commanded a view of the street below, and he was wont to beguile the tedious hours by watching the movements of the little world beneath him, ranging his eye along the picturesque rows of peaked and projecting gables, each with its quaint casements and curious cage-work arrangement of beams and supporters. He had to conduct his pastime with caution, for the street below was occasionally traversed by parties of soldiers, and he witnessed more than one victim led to execution between the files of Coote's savage myrmidons. One day, as he sat in the recess of the window, suffering not a little ftom *cnuí*, the sound of a trumpet and the trampling of horses' hoofs reached his ear, and looking cautiously out he saw a numerous body of troopers riding down the street. Onward they came, a well-mounted and well-equipped band, their musketoons held before them on the saddle, their long, straight falchions by their sides, and their uniform armor the cuirass or "back-and breast," and the casquetel or lobster-tailed iron helmet. Full of curiosity and excitement, Edmund gazed downward on the cavalcade, for he had never before witnessed such a martial procession. For the most part, the troopers were men of evil and truculent aspect: in fact, they were a party of Coote's scoundrelly horse, whose "frolics" in murdering defenseless old men and weak women, and piking innocent children, displayed in the county Wicklow a few days before, had won the love and appreciation of their ruthless commander.

Still surveying them, O'Tracy leant more and more out of the window. Suddenly there was a loud report from the midst of the troopers, a thin streak of fire almost leaped into his face, and a bullet buried itself in the window-frame above his head.

"Missed him, by heaven!" cried the trooper who had fired the shot, and leaping from his horse, he made for the door of the house in which Edmund was, followed by several of his companions, with their swords drawn.

One glimpse of the face and form of this man was sufficient for our hero: he was his sworn enemy, Gilbert Harrison of Leitrim!

Snatching up and drawing his rapier, which lay ready to his hand, he ran to the door, and was almost piercing the body of his host, who came rushing into the room.

"To the Priest's Nook"' cried the latter;—"come, hurry, for heaven's sake!"

Seizing Edmund by the arm, he half led, half dragged him along, and ere our hero could utter a word, he found himself shut up in a little dark closet only a few feet square. In a few moments he heard the voices of the troopers, and particularly one voice which he well remembered, as they searched the rooms of the house in their endeavors to find him. At length they came so near that he heard every word they uttered, scarcely a yard being between them and him.

"Out with him, my men," said the voice of Harrison, hoarse with passion; —"unearth the Irish rat! Fifty crowns to the man who first lays hands on him!"

Here there was a succession of heavy blows dealt on the walls of the apartment, which made the light partition that separated the bloodhounds from their quarry creak and tremble. Giving himself up for lost, Edmund grasped his weapon tighter and clenched his teeth, determined to sell his life at a dear rate.

"Sir, sir," said the trembling burgher, "you are making a mistake; there is nobody you want here."

"Liar!" said Harrison, picking up Edmund's scabbard, which he had unfortunately dropped on the floor;—"whose, then, is this?"

"It belonged to a friend of mine, who forgot it in going," was the not untruthful answer.

"Come, my men, search the rest of the house," said Harrison, furiously; "the rascal is certainly here."

The search lasted a considerable time, but at length the troops relinquished it, baffled, and sullenly departed. Harrison vowing vengeance on all beneath the roof ere he quitted it.

Unwilling that his kind host and hostess should be exposed to further danger and disquiet on his account, the refugee determined to linger no longer beneath their roof. Accordingly he told them he desired to quit the city without further delay, and preparations were immediately made for his departure. His host had provided him with a disguise, the rough garb of a peasant; and, with his hands and face stained and a gray wig drawn over his dark hair, it would be hard to recognize Edmund O'Tracy, as he bid a heartfelt adieu to the honest couple to whom, in truth, he owed his life. At parting, his friendly host slipped a purse into his hand, and whispered an advice to get as far as Drogheda and he was safe; while Mrs. Plunket, with smiles and tears, wished him a safe journey, as she hung on his arm a basket containing his cavalier suit, as well as some provisions for his journey. At the door stood a mule, ready saddled; and, after a last farewell, Edmund mounted and rode away through the streets.

The guards at the north gate of Dublin took little notice of an old, feeble peasant, gray-haired and sumburnt, who rode out of the city on a mule ere the sunset gun boomed from the Castle.

Return we, for the last time, to the brave and intrepid MacMahon. After having been put to the torture by his merciless captors (in the vain hope of making him include in the conspiracy some of the Catholic gentry who had had no knowledge whatever of it, with a view of confiscating their estates), he was sent, together with Lord Maguire—who had been arrested the same morning as he lay in a loft in Cook street—to London, where they were both imprisoned in the Tower. All through his imprisounent MacMahon displayed the same cool indifference to danger that he exhibited on the morning of his arrest, when he grimly amused himself by drawing with a piece of chalk on the wall the figures of men gibbeted and slain in various postures. By the assistance of a lady, himself and Lord Maguire escaped from the Tower. They then lay in hiding for five weeks in a house in Drury lane, but were at length betrayed. A servant-maid of the house informed an Irish nobleman's servant, who used to come there for milk, of their presence therein, and next day a band of soldiers recaptured MacMahon and his companion. They were now imprisoned in separate vessels on the Thames, until they were visited by the doom that has befallen many an Irish patriot. They were executed, on different days, at Tyburn.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BRIDGE OF GILLIANSTOWN.

"Joy! joy! the day has come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And see, our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land land is ours, is ours."

Edmund O'Tracy's journey was one fraught with the utmost peril. He could not rely on his assumed character of an aged peasant as a safeguard against the violence or suspicion of the numerous troops of Puritan cavalry that traversed the country; for only a few days afterward five poor men coming from the Dublin market, two of whom were Protestants, were slain in Santry by a party of the city garrison, who bore their heads in triumph into Dublin, and on a later day Sir Charles Coote and his dragoons burnt the village of Clontarf, killing sixteen of the inhabitants, both males and females, together with three suckling infants! Everywhere on his route Edmund saw traces of the doings of the miscreant soldiery of the Lords Justices. Numerous were the ruined and blackened walls of what had once been human habitations, and more than once he caught sight of a man's corpse swinging from the arm of a tree.

Shunning the highways, he took the more unfrequented roads, in order to escape observation as much as possible. By dint of urging the animal he rode, he managed to reach Garristown long after nightfall. At the entrance of the village he was suddenly challenged by a mounted sentinel, and was almost taken off his guard. Recovering himself, however, he answered in a feigned voice that he was only a poor peasant returning from the next village. The sentinel, after scanning his face and figure, credited his statement and allowed him to pass. The town was occupied by a detachment of cavalry, but O'Tracy rode up to the poor hostelry the place boasted. Dismounting, he boldly entered, preserving as far as he could the gait and tone of an old rustic, and demanded some refreshment for himself and a feed for his jaded mule. Four troopers, one of them a burly sergeant, were sitting around a comfortable fire, and, on our hero's entrance, they eyed him with looks of suspicion. They were fierce looking fellows with corslets of steel.

The refreshment he ordered was laid for him in a room adjoining that in which the dragoons were seated, and separated from it by a light partition of boards. He had scarcely taken his seat there when he heard the troopers give vent to a chorus of subdued exclamations.

"A rat, my lads, a rat!"

"This is passing strange, comrades; the rascal must be a spy."

"I guessed when I saw him, sergeant, there was little of the yokel about him."

Putting his eye to chink in the hoarding, he saw, to his dismay, the troopers rummaging his basket, which he had imprudently left behind him in the other room. One was holding his pistols, while others were examining his cavalier suit.

Edmund's first notion was to make a dash for the door and endeavor to escape by flight. Then he bethought himself of the window of the room he was in. Luckily it opened on hinges, and as noiselessly as possible he stepped out into the night. His mule was quietly feeding at the corner of the house. Seizing her by the bridle, he led her swiftly off, and on getting to a safe distance mounted and urged her into a gallop. Turning into a *bohreen*, he kept on as rapidly as possible, and on turning a corner was almost riding over a tall peasant woman, in the large blue cloak of her class, who was traveling onward in the narrow path.

"Will you give a body a seat, old man?" said the woman.

With a hastily muttered refusal, Edmund endeavored to ride past her, but she laid hold of the rein with so strong and tenacious a grasp as to bring the mule to a standstill, at the same time repeating her question with emphasis. In order to get on, Edmund saw he should comply with her demand and give her "a lift." He consoled himself with the thought that her company would render his disguise more complete, and, therefore, allowed her to mount behind him. She was of rather robust person, and the mule jogged on slowly and laboriously under the double burden.

It was a strange and perplexing position for our hero, traveling thus at the midnight hour in the company of a strange woman—he had not been able to see her face on account of the darkness, but he thought her voice somewhat familiar. Fortunately she was inclined to be taciturn, for he felt that the least conversation would inevitably ruin his disguise.

He began also to form serious opinions as to his whereabouts. It was six hours since his leaving Dublin, and he had traveled, he fanced, close on sixteen or eighteen miles. Up to his entry into Garristown he had been directed by various persons on the way, but now he was in a complete quandary. To inquire the way to Drogheda of the woman would only be a casting off of his disguise; for only one motive could bring him to Drogheda—a town fast besieged by the Irish levies of Sir Phelim O'Neill. That place, he thought, was now only about six or eight miles off, so that another hour's traveling ought to bring them into the neighborhood of the Irish outposts.

Suddenly the houses of another town appeared before them. It was Dulcek. A full moon poured her light over the country as they caught sight of the old seat of the De Verdons, and the moonlight shone on the helmet and matchlock of a sentry posted on the bridge, who promptly challenged them, bringing his piece to his shoulder. Edmund had hoped to find the Irish advanced at least as far south as this, but he was disappointed. There was no mistaking the sentry's accent—he was English.

The woman was the first to reply to the challenge:

"Heaven bless and save you, avourneen, don't shoot," she said; "I'm a servant of my Lord Moore, and I'm getting to Mellifont as well as I can, though bless and protect us all, it's mighty dangerous work traveling these times at all, at all!"

"A servant of Lord Moore of Mellifont," repeated an officer who had approached with a small guard; "well, he is a true and loyal man, and no servant of his shall come to harm, if we can help it. And this old man is another servant of his lordship's, is he not? Well," continued the speaker, without waiting for a reply to his query, "pass on; but have a care of those wild demons of Irish—it will go hard if you do not fall in with some of them on the road."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Dhdisigh si air deire nuair bhi an ghrian imthighthe leath a bhealaigh annsan speur. Chuimil si a súile agus dheare si mar dhuine nach raibh fhios aice cad é an áit a raibh sí. Bhi si cosmhuil le duine air a raibh iongantas, nuair chonnaire si Goillis agus an sagart annsan rúma ceudna léithe, agus shuidh si suas ag deunamh a dithchill a smuainte do chruinnlughadh le chéile.

Bhi an bheirt fhear i n-ambras mór ag fanamhaint no go bhfeicfeadh siad an laibheoradh sí, no nach laibheoradh agus nuair d'fhan siad 'nna dtost le cúpla móimid dubhairt an sagart leithe i bh-Fraincis, "Á chodail tu go maith a Mháire," agus d' freagair sisi annsa dteanga cheudna, "Chodlas, go raibh maith agad."

Ni luaithe chualaidh Goillis í ag caint ná chuir sé sgread luthgháire as, agus rith sé anonn chuici, ag thuit sé air a dhá ghlún agus dubhairt se, "Mile buidheachas le Dia do thug an chaint air ais duit! a bhean-uasal mo chroidhe labhair liom!"

Do thuig an óig-bhean maith go leor é, mar bhi si ag éisteacht le Gaedhilig dá labhairt gach lá ó thainig si go h-Eirinn, acht mar bhi si baibh go dti sin nior fheud si oiread agus aon fhocal di a ráidh, agus d' fhreagair si é i bh-Fraincis agus dubhairt si gur thuig si gurab é féin do bhruith an deoch sin di, agus do thug di é, agus go raibh si buidheach de ó na croidhe, air son an chineáltais uile do thaisbéan sé dhi, ó thainig si go h-Eirinn air tús agus go dtiucfadh leis bheith cinnte nach ndearmadfadh si a chineáltas go bráth.

Nior thuig Goillis oiread agus focal d'á raibh si ag ráidh, agus nuair chuir an sagart i n-dil dó é, do bhi sé réidh le fághail bháis le sásughadh-croidhe agus le luthgháire.

Thug siad biadh asteach chuici ann sin, agus d'ith si le gbile maith agus bhi si ságach agus meadhrach, agus nior sguir si d'á caint leis an t-sagart an fad agus bhi si ag ithe, acht nior thuig Goillis aon fhocal d'á g-comhrádh, agus bhi brón mór air gan a thuigsint. Chomh minic agus dfheucfadh an bhean-uasal óg rud air bith d'innsint dó, b'éigin dó a cheann chrathadh mar amadán, agus ann sin do dheunfadh an rógaire sagairt gáire faol, agus ni fheudfadh an mhaighdean óg i féin chongbháil ó ghaire, air uairibh, agus chuir sin mio-shásughadh mór air Ghoillis bhocht.

Chuaidh sé air ais d'á theach féin go luath, agus shin sé é féin air an leabuidh agus thuit 'sé 'nna chodladh aris mar nach raibh brigh na luibhe uile caithte fós, agus chaith sé lá agus oidhche eile 'nna chodladh. Nuair dhúisigh sé ann sin chuaidh sé anonn go teach an t-sagairt agus fuair sé go raibh an óigbhean uasal annsan stáid cheudna, agus go raibh sí 'nna codladh, beag nach ó d'fhág seisean an teach.

Chuaidh sé asteach leis an t-sagart agus bhi siad ag fanamhaint anaice leithe nuair dhúisigh sí an dara h-uair, agus bhi a caint aici chomh maith agus bhi sí ariamh. Bhi luthgháire mhór air Ghoillis.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these States a center of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the States, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p.m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Quarrel at the Clonmel County Club.

In the Exchequer Division on the 18th inst., an application was made to have an action brought by Mr. Jerome J. Guiry, an ex-sub-commissioner and a magistrate, against Mr. Stephen Moore, Barna, Clonmel, for alleged slander and assault, remitted for trial to the county court judge at Clonmel. The defendant, in his affidavit, admitted that he had struck the defendant under considerable provocation, but denied that he had slandered him. Mr. Guiry made an affidavit resisting the application, from which it appeared that the defendant called the plaintiff "a dishonest scoundrel," who, in turn, described the defendant as a "double-dyed liar," whereupon the defendant struck the plaintiff on the mouth. Justice Andrews refused to make any order.

HIGH LIVING, if you keep at it, is apt to tell upon the liver. The things to prevent this are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Take one of these little Pellets for a corrective or gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the smallest, easiest to take, pleasantest and most natural in the way they act. They do *permanent* good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or your money is returned.

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer $500 reward for an incurable case.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. ... N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.50.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.85.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is leweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, "GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

Some Remarks as to Its Supposed Construction.

MR. CARLISLE FOR THE TREASURY.

The Portfolio Has Been Offered to the Senator from Kentucky and He Now Has the Subject Under Consideration—Mr. Whitney Refuses To Be Secretary of State—Dickinson Urged to Accept His Old Position as Postmaster General.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—It can be announced positively that Senator John G. Carlisle of Kentucky will be secretary of the treasury under Mr. Cleveland's coming administration if he will accept the portfolio. There have been many well-defined rumors associating his name with this position in circulation within the last few days, but it was not until Monday that direct and positive information was obtainable. The offer of the portfolio has been made, and is now under consideration by the senator. Further, it can be stated that Mr. Carlisle, while realizing that some sacrifices would have to be made by him in accepting the secretaryship, is at present inclined to view it with favor. While the source of this information cannot be divulged, it betrays no secret to say that it comes from a very prominent member of the house who has just returned from a lengthy consultation with President-elect Cleveland.

Whitney Has Declined.

He is one of the few members of that body who never swerved in his allegiance to Mr. Cleveland during the stormy month preceding the Chicago convention; and, to describe him even more particularly, it is said that, in the event of a conflict over the speakership of the Fifty-third congress between the administration forces and their opponents, he would receive the benefit of the Cleveland influence. Mr. William C. Whitney was offered the portfolio of state, but has declined to again enter the cabinet, even as the premier. His advice, however, will be at the service of the new admistration, and he will have a great deal to do with the distribution of federal patronage

J. G. CARLISLE.

in New York state. Mr. Don M. Dickinson is being most strongly urged to accept his old position as postmaster general, and Mr. Cleveland is hoping that he will be able to overcome his objections to this course. Mr. Dickinson's personal inclinations are to refuse the proffered portfolio, and he has so expressed himself publicly and to Mr. Cleveland. He prefers to devote himself to his private business, but there is a strong probability that he may be induced to alter his present determination and once more become a prominent figure in Mr. Cleveland's official household.

Ex-Governor Gray's Chances.

The Hon. Isaac Pusey Gray of Indiana will probably not land in the cabinet at all. Certainly he will not receive the portfolio he is most anxious to get—that of the post-office department. He desires that office for the enormous patronage he would have to dispense, and it is intimated that his reasons have something to do with his proposed candidacy for the presidency four years hence. Perhaps Mr. Cleveland does not want to dispose of his cabinet places in the interest of any one man's political boom. In any event, it has been definitely settled that Mr. Gray will not be postmaster general. If he gets into the cabinet at all, and there is a large margin of doubt as to that, it will be as secretary of agriculture.

The Cleveland influence in Indiana, led by Mr. Shanklin, has succeeded in making it look very squally for Mr. Gray's cabinet boom. There is no doubt, however, that an offer will be made to send him to some first-class foreign court, such as Paris, Berlin, Vienna or St. Peterburg.

Randolph Tucker May Succeed.

The same informant says that the efforts being made by Randolp Tucker's friends in his behalf for the attorney generalship are likely to succeed unless they push the present advantage too far. Another name which Mr. Cleveland has been considering for the attorney generalship is that of Judge Culberson of Texas, but the suggestion comes that the judge is altogether too modest in advancing his claims or allowing his friends to do so. Mr. Herbert of Alabama will not fail through modesty to get the secretaryship of the navy, for early in the session he has been making a great play for the place. The first indication of the bee in the bonnet was his declination to again run for congress. Colonel Morrison of Illinois will in all probability retain his present position of interstate commerce commissioner during the next four years. Financially it is within $500 as good as a cabinet position, and the demands upon him are not nearly so great. His Illinois friends have

Sentimental Recognition.

If he should get on Mr. Cleveland's final list it will be as secretary of war, but even that is not likely. It is said that Morrison's appointment to the cabinet in any position would be merely a sentimental recognition of his early services as a tariff reformer rather than a practical or a political move on the part of Mr. Cleveland. General Patrick A. Collins of Boston will prefer money to further fame in politics, and, instead of trying to secure the attorney generalship or any other of the cabinet portfolios, will take the fattest job in the government service outside of the presidency itself—the consul generalship to London. It is said that this has already been promised to him. It is worth reiterating that the foregoing is not a part of the cabinet speculation which has been so abundant of late, but it comes direct from one of the three foremost Cleveland men of the house of representatives after his return from a lengthy cabinet talk with Mr. Cleveland.

FATHER M'GLYNN RESTORED.

Mgr. Satolli Settles the Case in the Priest's Favor.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—The celebrated case of Father McGlynn of St. Stephen's church, New York, has finally been decided by the restoration to him of authority to perform his priestly functions. The settlement of the case came within the scope of the general power vested in Mgr. Satolli, the papal legatee and the decision was promulgated by him Friday night at the Catholic university, where he is stopping. The case was first formally presented to Mgr. Satolli Wednesday last by Father Burtsell, McGlynn's friend and adviser throughout the controversy with the archbishop which resulted in the suspension of the priest. He presented the plea of the deposed priest, at the close of which Mgr. Satolli told him to return to New York and communicate to Dr. McGlynn a message from him, the delegate.

Statement Given Out.

The purport of this message can only be surmised, but it is believed to have contained a statement of the submission required to be made by him in order that his plans might receive favorable consideration. Dr. McGlynn's reply was brought to Washington by Father Burtsell and he and Mgr. Satolli were in consultation over the matter. The presence of Dr. McGlynn's friends in the city became known, and as a result reports were circulated as to the action of Mgr. Satolli in the matter. It had not been the intention of the papal delegates to settle the matter, but at a late hour Friday night the following statement was furnished by a representative of Mgr. Satolli:

"To end the many contradictory telegrams sent out it is thought expedient to state that at 9 o'clock p. m. Dr. McGlynn was declared free from ecclesiastical censure and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions, after having satisfied the pope's legate on all the points in his case."

A GOOD DAY FOR BLAINE.

He Passes Christmas in Comfort and "Doing Very Nicely."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Inquiry at the Blaine residence last evening brought forth the welcome answer that he was "doing very nicely," and that he had taken milk at 4 p. m. and broth at 6 p. m. Mr. Blaine's nurse said that this had been his best day since the relapse of one week ago. Dr. Johnston called upon his patient at 5:30 p. m. and found him very comfortable. As evidence that Mr. Blaine is much improved, it is said yesterday morning when he awoke he gave the usual Christmas greetings in cheery tones and received those of his family in much the same spirit he exhibited in the old days.

Interested in the Christmas Gifts.

"He took a lively interest in the presents that were interchanged in the family and made particular inquiry about the gifts made to his grandchildren in whom he has lost none of the interest that has always characterized him. The day that means so much to millions throughout the Christian world was passed by the family of Mr. Blaine now gathered under his roof in a manner befitting a Christian Sunday and the condition of its the head of the house. It was a happy Christmas in that the beloved husband and father was still spared to them.

Killed Her Child and Herself.

PATTERSON, N. J., Dec. 26.—Mrs. Alice Faulkner, 40 years old, a servant at Mrs. Drew's boarding house, 36 Ward street, and her daughter Florence, 12 years old, were found dead in bed Saturday morning. The mother had evidently choked the child to death and then smothered herself. Despondency is supposed to have been the cause of the act. Mrs. Faulkner had recently been deserted by her husband, who was a soldier in the British army and whose release she purchased with money saved from her scanty earnings in the mills here. An empty whisky bottle was found in the room.

Captured by Revolutionists.

LAREDO, Tex., Dec. 26.—United States Marshal E. F. Hall attempted to send a Mexican revolutionist named Palcios, whom he had recently captured, from San Ignacio to this city. The revolutionist was in charge of two armed deputies. The party had proceeded but a few miles up the Rio Grande river when they were attacked by six revolutionists. After a desultory exchange of shots the prisoner was released and the deputy marshals were caaried away to the mountains. Troops are in pursuit and martial law will undoubtedly be declared.

Foerstel Leaves St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.—Ex-Treasurer Foerstel is not in the city. No one knows where he is or seems to know. It is said he has gone away for two weeks, accompanied by his wife, on the advice of his physician. Since he fainted at his son's funeral he seems to have gone all to pieces, suffering a complete collapse. It was reported here Friday night that he would, when he returns, tell all he knows about the city treasury scandal. It is not believed that he is in hiding to escape service in a criminal prosecution.

Seeking a Pardon for Noland.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 26.—Mrs. E. T. Noland, wife of the defaulting state treasurer now serving a term in the state prison, Friday evening filed with Governor Francis an application for the pardon of her husband, accompanied by letters and petitions from practically all the prominent people of the state. There is little room for hope that the petition will be favorably considered.

Challenge to Skate.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Joe Donoghue, the champion amateur skater of the world, has issued a challenge to skate any man in the world a series of races, one, three, and five miles, for the championship of the world. He states that each race shall be for a bona fide purse of from $500 to $2,500 a side, and if desired he will increase the number of races and the amount of purse to any figure that may be named.

Overcome by Foul Gas.

MUSCATINE, Ia., Dec. 26.—J. M. Kidd, mine boss, and Emer Rosenberry and Alfred Simon, workmen, went into into an unused portion of a coal mine at Alma, this county, to prospect for proposed improvement. All were soon overcome by foul gas. Although rescued from the mine in a very short time the workmen were dead, and it is doubtful if the boss will recover.

Killed by a Train.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 26.—The body of John Fulton, 54 years old, was found on the tracks of the Long Island railway at the Norwood crossing on Atlantic avenue. Fulton was a flagman of the company at that point, and it is supposed that he was struck and instantly killed by a train.

THREE SHOTS APIECE.

Clemenceau and De Roulede Fight a Duel.

BOTH ESCAPE WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

The Encounter Took Place in the Paddock of the St. Quen Race Track—Bonapartists Prepare a Manifesto Which Awaits the Approval of Prince Victor—Gladstone Goes to France—Mrs. Langtry's Condition Improved.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—The duel between Clemenceau and M. de Roulede took place Thursday. Early in the morning the two parties proceeded to the paddock of the St. Quen racecourse and preparations were at once made for the encounter. The seconds measured off the twenty-five paces, and the surgeon who accompanied the party produced a case of instruments, ready for immediate use in probing for bullets, etc. The two antagonists were pale, but showed no sign of weakening. M. de Roulede kept his eye on the loading of the pistols while M. Clemenceau walked about in the paddock waiting for the word. The pistols having been loaded in a manner satisfactory to the seconds the principals were told to take position. They both faced each other without apparent emotion, and received the weapons from the hands of their seconds.

Flew Wide of the Mark.

At the word "fire" both pistols were discharged simultaneously. The bullets flew wide of the mark, and a spectator climbed hastily down from the paddock fence on which he had been perched. He was unhurt. So were the duellists. The seconds and witnesses moved a little farther off before the second round. Again the combatants elevated their weapons and blazed away. This time it was evident that the shots had gone high. Neither was hurt. M. Clemenceau coolly raised his weapon again. A friend rushed forward and expressed a hope that the combatants would consider their honor satisfied and cease the murderous encounter. Both declared that they must have another shot, and the solicitous friend hastily retired to a distance.

The Third Shot Fired.

Again the pistols were raised and two puffs of smoke told that two bullets started on their deadly mission. No harm was done, although M. de Roulede examined a corner of his coat with apparent apprehension, but was relieved on finding it undamaged. The two seconds then ran up and insisted that the duel must terminate; that both had behaved in a most heroic manner, and that any outrage upon honor had been fully vindicated. MM. Clemenceau and De Roulede consented to accept the decision and the combat came to a close. The two duellists were overwhelmed with congratulations on the courage and coolness they displayed on the trying occasion and were escorted back by crowds of admirers. The incident is believed to have terminated for the present.

BONAPARTISTS ACTIVE.

Manifesto Prepared and Awaiting the Signature of Prince Victor.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—Now it is the Bonapartists that are stepping to the front to take advantage of the difficulties of the republic. The activity of the royalists aroused the jealousy of the imperialist leaders, and at a secret conclave they drafted a manifesto addressed to the people of France, urging them to recall the house of Bonapart to the throne. This manifesto has not yet been issue, but awaits the approval of Prince Victor, the recognized leader of the imperial family. Prince Victor is now in Brussels and the Bonapart leaders in Paris have sent agents to that city to induce him to sign the manifesto and authorize its publication.

Both Sides Watched.

The Bonapartists, like the royalists, are being carefully watched and every movement is reported to M. Ribot and President Carnot. The proceedings of the secret conclave, at which the manifesto was determined upon, were known to the government almost as soon as the conclave had adjourned and the government is already in possession of the terms of the manifesto. The Matin says that fifteen more warrants have been prepared against senators and deputies, and that public prosecutors in the country districts have been instructed to search the residences of accused persons and examine witnesses for evidence in relation to the charges. These proceedings will, it is apprehended, add greatly to the excitement in the country districts, already aroused to a dangerous pitch.

Gladstone Goes to France.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Mr. Gladstone, who intends to spend a short vacation in the south of France, embarked upon a channel steamer at Folkestone Wednesday. The sun was shining brightly and the weather was balmly. Mr. Gladstone went aboard the steamer some time before the hour set for her sailing. He at once proceeded to the upper deck, where he set for an hour. A large crowd of his friends and admirers were on the steamer to bid him adieu. When they went ashore they remained on the wharf, and as the steamer hauled out they gave Mr. Gladstone an ovation. He acknowledged their cheers by bowing and waving his hand to them.

Mrs. Langtry Better.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Lilly Langtry is rather better and the fever from which she is suffering has subsided sufficiently to allow her to sleep. Her servants are kept busy answering the messages of inquiry regarding her which have been received from many distinguished persons, including, it is reported, the Prince of Wales through his private secretary.

Left the Camp With the Boodle.

READING, Pa., Dec. 27.—Joshua Buckland, chief of the gypsy band which camped Friday at Cedar Lane, near Morgantown, swears vengeance on two New Yorkers. They joined the party six weeks ago in New York state. They pretended to have fallen in love with two of the dark-eyed gypsy girls and Buckland took them into his confidence as members of the band. Friday night they left the camp with $1,700 in gold, silver and notes, and 1,000 English sovereigns, money made by Buckland during the season in swapping horses.

Asphyxiated by Coal Gas.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 27.—Four negroes were found dead in their rooms Saturday at the negro home of the aged. Two of the women, Fannie Ward and Maria Jones, were asphyxiated by coal gas. Annie Ward's nude condition and torn clothing indicated a struggle for life. Both the women had been slaves and had been inmates of the home for a number of years. Two colored children were also found dead.

IS A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

Good Work of a Worthy Citizen of New London, Conn.

NEW LONDON, Dec. 27.—Ex-Mayor George F. Tinker of this city has for twenty-eight years been the manager of the citizens' course of lectures the earnings of which have annually been appropriated for the purchase of bread for the deserving poor of this city during the months of January, February, and March, the period in every year which is harder to be borne than any other portion of the twelve months by people of scant incomes. Thousands of families have been fed in this way, mainly widows who are endowed with commendable pride that keeps them from the poorhouse.

Provides for Continuance.

He now announces that he shall give up the course, and states that as the revenue from this is to cease, and the revenue fund is exhausted, he has set aside as a permanent fund the sum of $5,000, the interest of which, or such portion thereof as shall be needful, will be appropriated annually to meet the demands of this charitable object. As the city increases in population and the demands of such classes consequently become greater, it is his purpose, if circumstances allow, to increase the fund so that the interest shall be commensurate with the demand.

A CHIEL AMANG THEM.

Mystic Shriners Catch a Reporter at a Secret Meeting.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 27.—There is much excitement among members of the Mystic Shrine of this city, who fear that there may be danger of their methods of work being disclosed. Under the auspices of Pyramid temple of this city nobles of the Mystic Shrine from various parts of the state to the number of 300 assembled in this city last Thursday night to celebrate the feast of Dhu'L Hajja. During the day nineteen candidates were initiated. The initiatory exercises and election of officers were nearly completed when it was found that Matthew O'Brien, a newspaper reporter, had by mistake been admitted to the room.

Went Fifteen Degrees at Once.

O'Brien confessed that he had seen all, but said that he had entered the room by mistake, thinking that secret services were completed. Several Shriners refused to believe the story and would have done the young man violence but for the interference of their cooler brethren. Finally O'Brien was sworn to secrecy and initiated into the order. He is probably the first man in the world to reach the fifteen degree at one leap.

Verdict of Not Guilty.

RATHDRUM, Ida., Dec. 27.—The jury in the case of D. W. Leasure, on trial in the the superior court for the murder of Ivory Bean and conspiracy in the Cœur d'Alene mining riots last July, returned a verdict of not guilty. The result of the trial is very important, as it virtually decides that there was no conspiracy in the Cœur d'Alene trouble and that the union miners were defensive and not rebellious. Leasure was jointly indicted with forty-two others upon four charges—conspiracy, murder of Ivory Bean, blowing up the Frisco mill, and violating an injunction of the United States district court. It is believed that the other cases will be dismissed.

Bitter Cold Weather at Sea.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Incoming steamships report fierce storms and bitter cold weather at sea. Every vessel that came into port was a mass of ice from water line to masthead. Several steamships had deckwork smashed and members of the crew were frostbitten. The tramp steamship Laurestana, from Bremen, came in with deck and sides covered with ice two feet thick in places and with huge icicles hanging from her yards. Her captain says the weather was so severe that all three of the ship's compasses froze in their alcohol baths and he was obliged to make his course by guess.

The French Premier Challenged.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—Prime Minister Ribot was Monday challenged to a duel by Andrieux. The premier in his great speech last Thursday referred to a recent book by Andrieux as the work of a diplomatic intriguer, who was sowing disorder. Andrieux sent a friend to Ribot, who said that the book was a legitimate object of criticism and that he would not accept a challenge on such a basis.

Everybody Is Invited.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 27.—The committee on invitations to the inaugural ceremonies of Governor Altgeld has issued a circular stating that no formal invitations will be sent out, but that all citizens and military and other organizations are invited to take part. All organizations intending to take part should notify R. M. Ridgely, chairman committee of arrangements, this city.

Daniel Green, of Litchfield, Ill., has begun suit in the Montgomery county circuit court against Michael Bushings for $5,000 damages for alienating his wife's affections.

Herman Thiessen, a Prussian farmer of Ellis, Neb., was found dead at home with a revolver and dog by his side and a hole in his head.

About three years ago Mrs. Mary Anderson, of Seattle, Wash., sued her husband for divorce and got it. Now she is suing the man from whom she was divorced, her ex-husband, for breach of promise to marry her a year ago.

Levi Hill of Newaygo, Mich., committed suicide by swallowing paris green. The cause was despondency.

The Purington Paving Brick company, which controls the largest paving brick plant at Galesburg, Ill., has declared a 35 per cent dividend.

William Pensanhagen, of Morris, Ills., was killed on a train on the Rock Island road near his home. He leaves a widow and five children.

Private advices from Washington show there is considerable opposition to the proposed legislation favoring railroad pools.

Martin Handel, of Mount Carroll, Ills., dropped dead on a street corner at Galena, Ills.

William Shepherd, of Jeffersonville, Ind., took a fatal dose of morphine because he was drunk and jealous.

Miss Mamie Cregan, of Joliet, aged 23, was found dead in bed from the bursting of a cereal blood vessel.

J. W. Pond killed two large eagles near Winamac, these being the first eagles seen in that portion of Indiana in forty years.

Mrs. Sarah E. Edwards, who was formerly the resident manager at Philadelphia of the Granite State Provident association of Manchester, N. H., has been held in $600 on the charge of forgery.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of General Interest from Here and There.

A South American naturalist has a large room devoted to spiders, of which he has nearly 11,000 specimens.

Levy, the famous English cornetist, has become a naturalized American citizen.

Frank Johnson, a school teacher of Martinsville, Ind., committed suicide.

There are many cases of diphtheria at Palmyra, Ills. The schools have been closed and public meetings are prohibited.

The newest fad in autograph books is one of cooking receipes. Earch formula written in the book has the signature of the contributing friend under it.

The first patent in the United States was issued July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins for making pot and pearl ashes.

Colonel H. C. Jones of the First Virginia regiment has asked the governor to allow him to take the regiment to the World's fair at Chicago.

Only three men who were members of the United States senate in 1848 are now living—James Bradbury of Maine, ex-Governor Felch of Michigan, and General George W. Jones of Iowa.

General Draper, who defeated Congressman George Fred Williams of Massachusetts admits that he spent $7,815 in doing it.

A book called "Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens," the famous comedian, is soon to be issued by his wife.

A Cornell college young woman is said to be studying veterinary surgery.

Professor Charles Sequard has been lecturing in Philadelphia on the wickedness of that city and Boston, and he pronounces the two cities worse than Paris.

Mme. Ye, wife of the Corean minister at Washington, undertook to learn French for conversational purposes, but has given it up, being unable to pronounce the nasal sounds.

Mrs. Jauli Phinizy, formerly a slave, died at Atlanta last week and left property valued at $20,000 to Marion Phinizy, a son of her old master. Marion is not in need of the windfall, being himself quite wealthy.

Miss Wanamaker counts among her various accomplishments the unusual but decidedly healthy one of boxing. Her tutor in a great measure and the one with whom she most frequently tries her skill is her father, the postmaster general

* * *

Thomas Hodges, aged 20 years, fell through the ice at Hancock, Mich., and was drowned.

Steven Farro, an Italian miner, was killed by an American miner named Farmer at Geneva, Ind., and the dead man's countrymen there swear vengeance.

William Scott, colored, aged 19, a fugitive from the reform school at Booneville, Mo., was fatally shot by Officer Eccles while resisting arrest at Sedalia, Mo.

Peter Herbert, who escaped from the state's prison at Charleston, Mass., on Oct. 4, 1888, has been arrested at Boston.

Charles Doatie of Monterey, Mich., killed himself accidentally while out hunting.

Ernest E. Eckert, confidential clerk for H. B. Rea & Co., pork packers at Pittsburg, Pa., was arrested charged with the embezzlement of from $10,000 to $20,000.

A public census of Philadelphia just taken shows it to have a population of 1,142,653.

There are 24,132 more offices to fill than when Cleveland left the White House in 1889.

Pittsburg seems to handle its cable and electric roads rather awkwardly. Forty-four people have been killed in the past year.

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Mrs. Sarah E. Edwards, who was formerly the resident manager at Philadelphia of the Granite State Provident association of Manchester, N. H., has been held in $600 on the charge of forgery.

* * *

W. H. Young of Goshen, Ind., was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for attempted uxoricide.

Though the coroner's jury at Galesburg, Ills., declared Harry Kelly was justified in killing Lawrence Riley, the sheriff has again arrested the boy on a charge of murder.

George Francis Train's latest scheme is to organize several parties to travel around the world in forty days, celebrating their return by attending the World's fair, making Chicago their starting point and also the terminal of their race against time.

Rufus Dennis of Napanee, Ind., was killed by the cars.

A preacher of Utica, N. Y., criticises the parable of the prodigal son, holding that the treatment accorded that repentant youth was not encouraging to his brothers who remained at home and behaved themselves.

At Oscaloosa, Ia., Samuel Peco was found guilty of murdering William Miner and was sentenced to death.

When Collis P. Huntington's adopted daughter, Clara, became the wife of Prince Hatzfeldt, the marriage settlements included monetary arrangements to be made in case of divorce.

Susan B. Anthony thinks we are on the verge of an era of unmarried women, because young men do not make enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that the women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry.

Archbishop Janssens celebrated his silver jubilee at New Orleans. The golden and silver jubilee of Bishop O'Hara was celebrated at Scranton, Pa.

S. W. Sawyer of El Reno, O. T., was indicted for stealing $10,000 from the bank of that city. At the time the robbery was blamed on the Daltons. The bank failed as a result of it.

Fleischman, Mayer & Co. of Portland, Ore., were awarded $3,760 in their suit against the Pacific Postal Telegraph company for failing to notify the plaintiff of its inability to deliver a message.

* * *

Cornelius McKane, a young negro, who is practicing medicine in Savannah, is said to trace his descent to the redoubtable King George of Africa, and he expects ultimately to have a medical college set up in that country.

John Townsend, the veteran tragedian, is dying of cancer of the liver at Toronto, Ont.

Secretary Foster of the state department has been informed of the appointment of General Cæsar Canevaro as Peruvian minister at Washington, which mission has been vacant for some time.

Alexander Pope sent over from England a slip from which it is said the weeping willows of America all sprung.

Away back in the year 1313 eggs sold in London at 3 pence for two dozen.

An Austrian engineer proposes to carry passengers from Vienna to Pesth by an electric locomotive at the rate of 123 miles an hour.

An investigation which has been prosecuted by the British royal labor commission indicates that in England the servant is far better off in regard to facilities for legal redress than is the employer, and that legislation would not bring these two classes closer together.

The compass plant of the United States is the common "rosin weed" of our western prairies, which has the long leaves near the ground set in a vertical position in such a way as to always present the edges to the north and south.

A joint sub-committee of the joint committee on immigration will start for Cuba Saturday to inquire into the character of immigration from the West Indies and South America, and the danger of contagion from those points.

Last month for the first time members of the Austrian reichsrath were paid a part of their salaries in gold, and the incident created quite a sensation.

Herr Krupp, according to recent statistics, has the highest declared income in Germany. It is 6,760,000 marks per annum.

* * *

Mrs. Sarah Clyborn, colored, the oldest person in Galesburg, Ills., is dead. She was a native of Kentucky, and she and her nine children were all slaves.

Emeror William is credited with the intention to have only general officers of the army represent him as ammassadors to foreign courts. Even the secretaries of legations are to be army officers exclusively.

The Pennsylvania legislature will be asked to pass a resolution asking congress to appropriate $10,000 for a commission of engineers to report on the Lake Erie canal project.

Jules Simon thinks that France would accept the proposal to disarm with enthusiasm if it were made by another power.

John Chowen, for some time superintendent of bridge repairs on the Chicago, Burlington and Kansas City railroad at Keokuk, Ia., has been taken from that city to Topeka, Kan., to answer to the charge of train wrecking.

The World's Fair Oyster and Fish company of Minneapolis, Minn., has begun action against A. Booth, the Baltimore Packing company, the Boston Fish company, and Platt & Co., to recover $5,000 for alleged conspiracy.

The New York Herald's latest nomination of Mr. Charles A. Dana is for minister to England.

The supreme court of Indiana has denied Musgrove, the would-be life insurance swindler, a new trial.

Louis Tolisaer, a planter of Smith county, Tex., was called to his door and assassinated.

Lovett Benfoe shot and killed Melford Boldin at Valdosta, Ga. Both are colored and aged 18.

William Burnett, white, was shot and killed by a negro called "the Red Mountain Kid" at Middlesboro, Ky., in a saloon row.

Joseph Holden and John Shea, section men, were run down by an engine at Indianapolis. The former was killed and the latter badly injured.

James Hobbs of Bedford, Ind., was crushed to death by a stone which fell upon him while he was at work in the Salem and Bedford Stone company's mill.

Austin Corbin has over 700 animals in game preserve at Newport, N. H. Elk predominate. His greatest satisfaction is over his buffalo. He has now five distinct herds.

General Wade Hampton of South Carolina has just written a letter once more declaring that nothing can tempt him to re-enter public life.

Kate Field indorses ex-Senator Ingalls' statement that Atchison, Kan., is the dearest spot on earth. She once bought a lot there for $3,000, and it sold at auction for $226 when the boom collapsed.

* * *

Edwin Gould is reported to have said that since Dec. 3 he had obtained more than 20,000 home and foreign newspaper notices with reference to his father's death. 12,000 being from the press of this country.

Mrs. M. A. Haulenbeck, of New York, who has been a commercial traveler for years, earns $5,000 a year in commissions upon the sales she makes.

Upon analysis Professor Virchow finds that the Russian "hungerbrod," the bread eaten by the peasantry in the famine-stricken districts of Russia, is much more nutritious than the rye bread made in Germany.

Miss Belle Nichols was instantly killed at Los Angeles, Cal., by a runaway horse with two buggy shafts attached. She was crossing a street when the horse struck her going at such rapid speed that the shaft passed through her head.

Mrs. Paisley.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores**, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, billiousness, sour stomach, nausea.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on the disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—E. S. Willard, "The Professor's Love Story."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Stuart Robson in "The Bachelors."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Pauline Hall Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Katie Emmet in "Killarney."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"McCarthy's Mishaps."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

The British parliament will assemble early in January, and the world will, consequently, be on the tip toe of expectation in regard to Mr. Gladstone's promised Irish Home Rule measure. It is a striking fact that of all the civilized peoples of the globe, the American nation takes the deepest interest in this long looked for measure; and this interest is by no means confined to that portion of the population which is of Irish birth or descent, and which, naturally, has strong Irish sympathies. This is a hopeful sign of the times, because the public opinion of this great, self-governing combination of home ruled States cannot fail to affect the sentiments of such of the English people as desire to put an end to the painful war of centuries which has raged between their country and shamefully governed Ireland. It is, undoubtedly, true that the strong personality of Mr. Gladstone has much to do with this sentiment, as it also has with the sentiment in favor of Home Rule practically manifested by Scotland and Wales, but, apart from Gladstone, the American mind is strongly attracted toward the great problem of Irish self-government on the score of principle alone. While a goodly proportion of the American people are of almost pure English origin, they differ from their English progenitors in this, that they have no admiration for conquest, or occupation, by brute force in any country, and every American, no matter how prejudiced he may be, is always open to argument, and is not ashamed, or afraid, to change his original opinions, if he is conscientiously convinced that they were wrong. In this characteristic, Mr. Gladstone is much more of an American than an Englishman.

When he entered parliament more than half a century ago, he tended strongly toward ultra-conservatism, especially in matters affecting the church established by legislative enactment. His conversion to more liberal principles was gradual. He was, and is, a man who must see for himself in order to understand. His visit to Naples, in the prime of manhood, made him a strong advocate of revolution in Italy. His knowledge of Turkish atrocity in the Christian provinces of the Ottoman empire made him the ally of the Bulgarians, and led him to denounce "the unspeakable Turk," in defiance of the anti-Russian sentiment in Great Britain. A long course of study, quickened by the necessary violence of the old Fenian organization—a body, by the way, to which Ireland and the Irish everywhere ought to erect a monument of bronze, if not of gold—made him a convert to the disestablishment of the Irish church, and to the liberalization of the land laws. His visit to Ireland, in the early seventies, gave him a disposition to read Irish history, to make it, in fact, a study. He gave the repressive policy of the Tories—an heirloom from Strafford and Ireton, and Camden—a trial and found that it would not do with a people as spirited as the Irish. He surrendered, after a somewhat stubborn battle, and virtually yielded the palm of victory into the hands of Mr. Parnell, when the Phœnix Park tragedy intervened, and flung Ireland once more into the arms of coercion. He gave his great influence to the extension of the franchise in Great Britain and Ireland, and, swayed by the powerful policy of Parnell, when Ireland returned a majority of members pledged to Home Rule, acknowledged the significance of the event, and finally brought in the measure of 1886, which committed the English Liberal party to the principle that Irish nationality should be recognized, and, with due safeguards for the maintenance of the imperial connection, established. On this issue he was driven from power, and, after nearly seven years of waiting, has been again returned to the helm of state, pledged anew to the same great principle. In the history of statesmanship, no parallel to this remarkable career can be found. Never, in the annals of civilization, has been found the head of a government endowed with the moral courage to declare the former policy of his country false and wicked, except in the case of Gladstone. Making due allowance for the pressure of Irish revolutionary methods upon the mind of England, it cannot be denied that it required a vast amount of mental bravery to impel the premier of Britain to declare that the union of 1800 was carried by "base and blackguard means," and to warn England to yield to right and justice what she must finally yield to the influence of abject fear.

That Gladstone was, in his prime, an aider and abettor of England's crimes against Ireland, history attests; but that he has repented, and sincerely, nobody but a confirmed sceptic can doubt. It is impossible to believe that a man of four score and three years—completed on the 29th inst—can be otherwise than sincere in his present declarations. Warned by past experience, he has, up to date, kept his plan of battle on the Home Rule bill confined to his own breast. He knows that jealous Tories and wavering Whigs are watching him with keen anxiety, and the measure of what he may offer to Ireland will, undoubtedly, be limited by his anxiety to achieve a Home Rule victory in some shape. Herein lies the chief danger. The bill will not be the bill of Gladstone, but of his party, and the record of that party's Irish policy is not such as to give the long abused Irish people confidence in its honesty, or its sincerity. An emasculated Home Rule bill would be good for nothing, and could not be accepted. The bill must not alone recognize the individual nationality of Ireland, it must also concede to Ireland those functions of government without which Home Rule would be scarcely better than a Christmas toy wherewith to amuse a little child.

Ireland cannot be successfully treated in that fashion, and no one knows it better than Mr. Gladstone himself. She will need to control the police, the judiciary and the revenues, at least. It is the latter of these prerogatives that will make the trouble, as it has since the days of Charles I. If Ireland had the power to appropriate her own revenues, to guard by appropriate legislation, as in Grattan's parliament, her industries from free foreign competition, she would leap with giant bounds to a respectable place among the nations of the second class in Europe. There was a time when she might have aspired, in spite of her limited proportions, to even a higher rank, but the cruel policy of England has put that beyond her reach, for the present; and the days of small states, as mistresses of empire, came to a close with the battle of Camperdown, which destroyed the maritime power of Holland. But Ireland controlling her revenues—yielding tribute to "the empire" only according to her actual means—would soon assume a position in the world that could not help gratifying her friends and astounding her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, that the civilized world waits with profund interest for the development of Mr. Gladstone's new measure.

GEN. MILES AND HIS CRITICS.

With incredible unanimity all the flunkey, fool's paradise newspapers published in the United States have "jumped upon" Major-Gen. Miles, of the United States Army, because he dared to say that if the Canadian government had built revenue cutters, of man-of-war armament and proportions, on our great lakes it had violated the treaty of 1817 and its act might be construed as hostile. The General has been read what are intended to be severe lectures, from Washington and elsewhere, on what the flunkeys are pleased to term the rashness and impropriety of his utterances and soforth. He has been referred to both recklessly and vulgarly, and all his eminent services in the War of the Rebellion, and in the subjugation of hostile savages, have been, for the moment, forgotten in the blaze of wrath which his truthful remarks have kindled in the breasts of those in this country who always sneeze when England or Canada takes snuff. Denials of the warlike character of the new vessels have been telegraphed from Dominion sources, but the report of Lieut. Carden, of the United States Navy, made to the Washington authorities, confirms the original statements as to their true character, and, therefore, justifies the observations made by Gen. Miles. That officer very recently, by order of the War Department, made a thorough inspection of our British Columbian frontier, and found it so exposed that he recommended to the government a system of fortification which will, no doubt, be acted upon in the near future. The condition he found on that portion of the frontier exists on all portions of it, and, in fact, there is nothing between us and invasion and bombardment from the north, but the will of Great Britain and Canada. If we have a hot argument over the Bering Sea question when the modus vivendi, forced from Lord Salisbury by the vigorous action of President Harrison, expires, we may find the prediction of Gen. Miles only too sadly realized. Instead of only fifty English men-of-war, of medium draft, being able to come down upon us through the deepened Canadian canals, the number is nearer one hundred and fifty. The talk of unmilitary men about our being able to meet the emergency when it comes is all moonshine. We are not living in the days of Perry or McDonough, when sail craft, of small proportions, were the only war vessels on the lakes, and when the science of naval warfare was crude compared with what it is today. Nations situated like ours should never fail to remember the wise maxim: "In times of peace, prepare for war." If a burglar finds a dwelling house unguarded, he will be tempted to enter and loot it, but if he knows that a stalwart watchman, well armed, is on the look out, he will betake himself elsewhere. So it is with the United States. In spite of what is termed advanced civilization, the wealth of our cities will tempt the cupidity of unfriendly neighbors, and if the spark of war should suddenly kindle into a blaze between this country and Great Britain, on the Bering Sea, or any other question, we would find ourselves, by our own folly and negligence, exposed to such dangers as those who have never seen human passion stirred to its depths in time of war cannot conceive. The bombardment of the city of Alexandria half a score of years since, showed what Great Britain is capable of, once the fury within her is let loose. The English governing and commercial classes hate America with a deadly, jealous hatred, and would exult to see her go to smash tomorrow. They showed this plainly enough during the War of the Rebellion, and the Anglo-Canadians also. The Canadians, at that period, constantly menaced our rear, and the refugee rebels raided our northernmost cities in Vermont from Canadian soil. Ever since the Revolution, Canada has been a menace to us, because of her connection with England. Otherwise, we would have no occasion to fear her. If ever we try warlike issues with England, Canada must be our first hostage.

THE DUBLIN EXPLOSION.

The English Tory newspapers, and some of the "Liberal" persuasion also, are doing their utmost to "make capital" out of the recent dynamite explosion in Dublin, which resulted in the death of a detective named Synnott, and in some damage to buildings in the neighborhood of the chief detective office of the Irish metropolis. They seek to charge it on Mr. Morley's policy of conciliation, and, of course, twist out of it an argument against granting Home Rule to Ireland. This is to be expected, because the Tories, and their Liberalist-Union allies, are always rejoiced at any event of the kind, happening under existing circumstances. They fear that home legislation for Ireland, in some shape, may come, and, judging by their previous history, it is not unreasonable, certainly not uncharitable, to believe that they would hesitate at nothing, not even crime, to give effect to their malignity. No sensible Irish Nationalist, no matter how "extreme" he may be, could give countenance to acts of violence such as that which agitates Dublin at present. THE CITIZEN observes that Mr. James Stephens, ex-head of the Fenian order in Ireland, is vehement in his denunciation of the tragical affair. He reasons, and very properly, that no real friend of Irish liberty, unless he be a lunatic, could lend himself to such business. The attempt to charge it on the followers of the late Mr. Parnell is absurd in the extreme, because nobody more bitterly denounced such actions, even when great provocation existed, than the dead leader. They cannot be charged on the Fenian, or revolutionary, element either, because that section of Irish Nationalists never countenanced such a policy. They believe in fighting England according to methods recognized by the civilized world, and they have never been distinguished as marplots at any period of the more recent Irish struggle. Therefore the Dublin tragedy can be explained only by attributing it to Tory malice or to the act of a madman. There is nothing to be gained by it, except the frustration of the movement for Home Rule, and true Irish revolutionists have never committed deeds of violence from mere wantonness. Everything in that line done in the past, except the Phœnix Park tragedy, was done to further Irish liberty, not to retard it.

If the Dublin explosion had occurred while Balfour was chief secretary, there might be some logic in attributing it to an outbreak of despair; but Mr. Morley is not hated by the Irish people, and, therefore, they cannot be successfully charged with the outrage. That it was done with a view of embarrassing Mr. Gladstone is evidenced by the fact that parliament will meet in January, and the Home Rule bill will certainly be introduced at the coming session. The Tories and the Unionists will make the most of their opportunities, and the Dublin episode will be used as a bugaboo with which to scare the gullible British public. For six years, the Irish people, revolutionists and all, have refrained from doing anything to injure the cause of Home Rule, and it is not at this late day they are likely to commit an act which can only be productive of great harm to the cause. If the Home Rule bill had been introduced and rejected, if the British parliament, lords and commons, had shown by their acts that Ireland had nothing to hope further from peaceful effort, it is impossible to say to what fiercely extravagant and violent acts, men bitterly disappointed might be driven. Violence immediately preceding movements toward reform, is an old game of the Tory party in Ireland, and THE CITIZEN firmly believes that this latest manifestation has emanated from that source.

As the Irish, at home and abroad, have long ago decided to give Gladstone the chance "to do justice" he has asked, it would be the height of insanity on their part to do anything that might baffle him in his efforts toward that end. THE CITIZEN has never made apology for any act committed by Irishmen against England, when they were driven to the wall, but as they are not in that position just now, it has no hesitation in saying that if any Irishman, calling himself a patriot, was concerned in the Dublin explosion, which it does not admit or believe, he was a madman, and, if discovered, should be dealt with as such. Irishmen are not political idiots. They are quite capable of making their enemies feel their wrath when occasion arises, and they would be unworthy of serious consideration if they were not, but, trained as they have been in the school of adversity, they well know that, while the issue of a great cause hangs trembling in the balance, he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy. The murder of one wretched detective would never advance the cause of Irish independence. We refuse to believe that any sincere Irishman had anything to do with the explosion.

A BIGOT DISGRACED.

Recently, in Toledo, O., the public school board of that city, expelled, by an unanimous vote, Dr. E. E. Scott, who was found guilty of conspiring with a supervisor of schools to exclude from employment or preferment all Catholic and Jewish teachers, or the employment of such Catholic and Jewish applicants for the position of teachers as passed a successful examination. The wretched man was present when the vote was taken, and left the room, looking sorely crestfallen, when the result was announced. In concluding their report the board said:

"It is by us determined that the attempt of Dr. Elmer E. Scott, a member of the board, to improperly influence employes of the board to allow or to permit him (Scott) to wrong teachers and applicants, by fraud and falsehood, as above found, calls for action by us commensurate with the things done. This is a deplorable situation of affairs and one that this board of education deeply regrets, but, as sworn guardians of sacred public interests, we must do our duty fearlessly and conscientiously. It is our conviction, and we believe it must be evident to all fair minded people, that Dr. E. E. Scott, because of the grave offenses he has committed, is guilty of gross neglect and perversion of duty; that while some have entertained doubts as to our action being strictly legal, the offenses are so grave that we, as fellow members of the board of education, declare the seat of the member from the Sixth ward of Toledo vacant, and that he is hereby expelled from this board."

The report is signed by George W. Trost, Daniel Kohn, Franklin Hubbard, Charles Zirwas, Bernard H. Broer, F. W. Eversman, George Shuck, and Henry A. Schlingman.

A TORY ON IRISH EVICTIONS.

The *Mayo News*, in an article on the barbarity of evictions as practiced in Ireland, quotes from the *Dublin Review* a conservative (Tory) organ published in the Irish capital many years ago, the following picture of legalized housebreaking:

"Let any parent make the case his own. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our family about us, let us bring home to our bosom the bare apprehension, that, for exercising an undoubted privilege, not only recognized but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in the power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive, stunted upstart of yesterday, of whom gold, amassed by peculation and public plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire, and drive us away from that pleasant home; let us suppose him, by the sword of his power, destroying our only means of providing for that bright and joyous circle, and turning our children and ourselves adrift to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life—disowned, rejected, persecuted, and maligned—could we bear it? Where is the father's heart that could endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness of private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to turn our thoughts from fierce imaginings, and our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow that we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and, if possible, redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us that protection which may be denied to them elsewhere; and we cannot recognize any human obligation which should or could constrain us to reject such an appeal. No man owes a moral obligation to an exterminating degree. No man, pretending or deserving to be free, would pay it an outward homage one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke. These are our deliberate sentiments—the decisions of a mind tutored, perhaps, by some small share of philosophy, and, at all events, not provoked to a passionate or hasty judgment by the sense of personal wrong."

WHAT "THE UNION" OF 1800 COST.

That inconceivable learned ass, Prof. Goldwin Smith, has recently been badgering Mr. Gladstone about his Irish policy in some leading periodicals. Among other things, he denied the old premier's statement relative to the number of British troops employed in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, and also during the period of the Union. The veteran patriot O'Neill Daunt, in the Cork *Echo*, Dec. 3, comes to Mr. Gladstone's rescue with one of his luminous letters. In it, Mr. Daunt says:

"Mr. Gladstone has said that the military forces employed by the government to impose the Union on Ireland amounted to 137,000 men. His statement has been challenged. If he has erred, it is rather in understating than overstating the facts. In a speech of Lord Castlereagh's prefacing a motion on military estimates, as cited in a report of the parliamemtary proceedings of the 18th of February, 1799, his lordship gives the following table:

The regulars were	32,281
The militia	26,634
The yeomanry	51,274
The English militia	24,201
Artillery	1,500
Commissariat	1,700
Total	137,590

"The Unionist statesmen of that period earnestly deprecated the withdrawal of any portion of this vast armament. The expense was charged exclusively to Ireland. The late Mr. Staunton, in his able essay on the Repeal of the Union, gives a statement of the army payments for five years, ending January, 1801. He takes his statement from a parliamentary report of session, 1830, No. 667; here are the figures:

Year.	Army Expenditure.
1797	£2,221,505
1798	2,548,331
1799	3,697,314
1800	3,879,569
1801	4,285,362

"Ireland was designedly persecuted into rebellion, and thus made to pay the expense of suppressing the inevitable outbreak. The mode in which our people were scourged into revolt, is well and clearly stated in the concluding volumes of Mr. Lecky's admirable history (England in the XVIIIth Century). Mr. Lecky is an honest historian. He tells the truth all round. He does not imitate Macaulay or Froude in dressing up a narrative in the interest of any political theory, giving prominence to such facts as suit his purpose, omitting or slurring over all that tell the other way. Whatever may be Lecky's inferences from the facts which he records, he gives the reader ample grounds for an independent judgment."

BISHOP NULTY, THE PRIESTS AND THE MEATH ELECTION.

In another column will be found a special cable dispatch to the Chicago *Herald* concerning the unseating of Michael Davitt in North Meath. The cabler thereof is somewhat severe on the Irish priests, as a body, but he should have discriminated. A very strong minority of the priesthood of Ireland took little or no part in the recent general elections. It was not so much, perhaps, the interference of the others, as the pastoral of the Right Rev. Bishop Nulty that procured the unseating of Messrs. Fullam and Davitt. The Bishop's pastoral was, as is customary with him, a very strong document. He is a prelate who never does things by halves. In that he is thoroughly Irish. It will be remembered that it was Dr. Nulty who, in the days when Errington was back door ambassador at the court of the Vatican, warned the Sacred College that no nation long kept its faith if the heads of the church were inimical to its spirit of nationality. His pastoral had a great deal to do with the change of policy adopted by Rome toward Ireland. This should not be forgotten for Dr. Nulty. He was a friend in need, and in sore need at that. His policy in regard to the Meath elections was, from a political standpoint, imprudent, no doubt, but nobody can impugn the honesty of his motives. THE CITIZEN has differed honestly from Dr. Nulty's secular policy, but it will not do him an injustice. The brave prelate who, when a simple priest in famine times, ministered to the spiritual and physical wants of the typhus stricken people, and who, when wearing the purple, smote England's representative at Rome with the whip of scorn, deserves gratitude from his country and his countrymen. Dr. Nulty is impulsive. He was too severe on Mr. Parnell's moral delinquency, but his error leaned toward virtue's side. It is much better, on general principles, that prelates and priests should keep out of active politics, but there is no sense in being too severe upon them for a very human line of action. Both Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Parnell solicited their active aid in Irish politics, so that interference is not entirely their fault. Apropos of this subject, Chief Secretary Morley, speaking at a meeting of Liberals in Newcastle, Eng., recently said:

"You have heard a great deal, I dare say, about the Meath election petition. South Meath election was voided on the ground that there had been an abuse of clerical influence, and that clerical intimidation had taken place. I hold there is no man in England, Scotland, or Ireland to whom an abuse of clerical influence, or the threat of ecclesiastical domination, is more repulsive than it is to me. But we must look at these things as they really are, and the moral that is drawn from the voiding of the Meath election seems to me a moral which cannot well be sustained. What is the moral? The moral which is drawn is this—"What! Are the sober-minded, the experienced, the enlightened electorate of England, of Scotland, to be out-voted by the slaves of a tyrannical oriesthood in Ireland?" Now, gentlemen, I am going to make three or four remarks, and concise remarks, upon this topic. In the first place, I will say this, that the Irish priesthood have acquired their influence by standing up between the Irish peasant and his oppressor. In the second place, I say the Irish priesthood have never been powerful in political matters, except when they have sided with the Nationalist cause. In the third place, I say that you cannot show me any Catholic country in Europe in which ecclesiastics have achieved a standing ecclesiastical supremacy—not in France, not in Spain, not in Italy, not in Austria, not even in Belgium, Fourth, I say this, when I am asked whether it is not an intolerable degradation that intelligent and sober electors of Great Britain shall be out-voted and shall have their political destinies controlled by the slaves of the Irish priesthood, well, I ask this: Does anybody deny that the Irish Party—who are now to be denounced as slaves of an intolerant priesthood—does anybody deny the part that the Irish Party have played in English politics during the last sixty years? Does anybody deny that these men have been makers and unmakers of Governments? It cannot be denied, and, therefore, if it be true the Irish members are the nominees and the slaves—their language, not mine—if it be true that they are the nominees and slaves of the priesthood, do not forget that these men have been the controllers of your own destinies as well as those of Ireland."

A MEDITATED OUTRAGE ON PROPERTY HOLDERS.

The Chicago City Railway Company is a corporation that needs to have the spirit of a glutton knocked out of its system. Long continued financial success seems to have made it indifferent to public opinion, and to the rights of its neighbors. Grand boulevard, beginning at Thirty-fifth street, and running to the South Parks, is acknowledged by all people who have seen it to be the finest driveway in the world. It is connected with Michigan boulevard by the boulevarded portion of Thirty-fifth street, running from the former driveway to South Park avenue. For years the greedy company has had its eyes fixed upon that piece of street, seeking to make a connecting link between State street and Stanton avenue. It proposes to run electric cars upon the tracks which it contemplates laying there. Early in the present year, Ald. M. B. Madden, who seems to have a kind of filial affection for the railway company—entirely disinterested, of course—introduced an ordinance into the city council, which granted the franchise asked for to the City Railway corporation. This was done without asking the consent of the property holders most interested in the matter, and in thorough disregard of all the interests that would be directly, or indirectly, injured by the high-handed proceeding. The council, with its usual facility, passed it. But a few circumspect citizens, who were aware of Ald. Madden's little game, waited upon the South Park Commissioners and asked that body if they acquiesced in the policy of Ald. Madden. The commissioners replied that on the contrary they were diametrically opposed to the scheme, and, thereupon, the property holders sued out an injunction against the laying of the tracks on Thirty-fifth street boulevard before Judge McConnell, which was granted. It has not yet been disposed of. Meanwhile, the company began to lay tracks from State street to Michigan boulevard, on the unboulevarded portion of Thirty-fifth street, and, with previous knowledge of corporation methods before them, the South Park Commissioners became apprehensive that the city railway people might attempt to put down the tracks on the reserved portion of the disputed street without leave, and ordered out the full force of their police to foil such an attempt. Since then the railway company has made no effort to renew the war; but there is every reason to believe that it is a truce, not a permanent peace.

It is well known that the laying of car tracks on a street only sixty feet wide, like the boulevarded portion of Thirty-fifth street, would destroy it for driving purposes. Most horses become seared at the sight of electric cars; and thus some other connecting link between Michigan

and Grand boulevards than Thirty-fifth street, would have to be found. The City Railway people, good, considerate souls that they are, promised some of the property holders who were objecting that, in order to accommodate the driving public, they would see to it that a bill would be passed by the legislature to boulevard Thirty-eighth street, thus reducing to a veritable *cul de sac* the splendidly built up portion of Grand boulevard from that point to Thirty-fifth street—three magnificent "blocks" on both sides of the driveway. The people who own the latter property bought it in good faith. Special assessments—heavy ones at that—were paid upon it, as there were also on Thirty-fifth street, and, after all this, to oblige his friend, the big corporation, Ald. "M. B. Madden proposes to destroy their property interests! It is an unheard-of proceeding on the part of even a Chicago alderman. There have been aldermen found to prey upon other constituencies, but Ald. Madden has the very doubtful honor of being the first city father who deliberately undertook to destroy the property of his own constituents in the interests of a soulless corporation. Not that alone, but a majority of the property holders interested vote in his own precinct of the Fourth Ward! Surely if Mr. Madden wished to devour anybody, he should have gone to the West or North Side for a meal, or, at least, to some other ward and precinct than his own.

But the property holders on Grand Boulevard and Thirty-fifth street will not submit to be plundered by Ald. Madden's friend, the Chicago City Railway Company. They know their rights, and knowing will maintain them, if there is justice in the land. The tyranny of corporations in this country is beginning to be about as unbearable as the tyranny of kings in the Old World. But their tyranny would amount to very little if the people elected only brave and just men to represent them in their legislative bodies, State and municipal. It seems to us that the promise of a railway corporation to have a bill passed in the legislature to create a new boulevard in this city suggests a certain sense of proprietorship, and the insult ought to be properly resented by the assembled wisdom of the State, which will soon hold session in Springfield.

POOR PAY IS POOR POLICY.

There is a great row raging at present over an increase of teachers' salaries, special and ordinary, in the public school department of this city. Objection to the raise comes chiefly from a few daily papers. THE CITIZEN has no use for Chinese cheap labor in any public, or private, department. It is notorious that people in educational and journalistic, or general literary, work are poorly paid in comparison with their ability. Average public school teachers and reporters get beggarly salaries. Any kind of mechanic or skilled laborer can earn much more per week than an ordinary school teacher, or reporter, who is not in the nepotistic promotion swim, no matter what his talent. Journalists, who suffer from the parsimony of hard and unappreciative employers, should be among the last to wage war on decent salaries. Many of the reporters in this city are much abler than some of the editors who employ and lord it over them. Herein is felt the money power of those who have acquired, or hoarded, sheckels, generally in some other pursuit. A good reporter, or general writer, like a good school teacher, is worthy of a decent scale of wages, but he seldom gets it, unless on really first-class papers, and there is no surer road to the poor-house than to remain a reporter until the age of active usefulness is past. Salaried journalists should be enemies of cheap labor in every form. No people suffer from it more than they. Good wages always bring good times.

THE EVICTED TENANTS.

The "relief" of the unfortunate evicted tenants in Ireland progresses with about the rapidity of a snail. A Dublin despatch, dated Dec. 23, says:

"The evicted tenants commission closed its session to-day. Justice Matthews, president of the commission, announced that he was willing to receive further statements from landlords and others bearing upon the matters that the commission was appointed to report upon, provided that notice of such statements was given before Dec. 31. It is the general opinion, even among liberals, that the labors of the commission will result in little, if any, benefit to the tenants who have been evicted from their holdings, and that its report will be a mere formality. It is thought that the government will not ask the house of commons to vote a grant for the relief of the evicted tenants, which the commission will probably propose, but will evade a decision of the house by drawing funds enough from the land purchase commission to compulsorily purchase portions of estates from obstinate landlords, with enough to make loans to evicted tenants to enable them to start farms anew."

THE CITIZEN is astonished to find Mrs. Livermore, hitherto so liberal in her sentiments, ranked among the assailants of the Catholic church in America. A dispatch from Portland, Me., under date the 29th inst., says: "Last evening, at the annual meeting of the Maine Woman's Suffrage Association, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore delivered a lecture on "The Perils of the Republic" that was quite sensational, especially in her arraignment of the Catholic church and her handling of the immigration question. She said she regarded the position of the Catholic church as a terrible menace to the welfare of America and its institutions, though against the religion and principles of Catholicism the speaker had no enmity. She said it was evidently the sole aim of the Catholic church to build parochial schools upon the ruins of the public schools."

PASHA JAMIESON has had his wings clipped by the Brown Mogul of the city hall. Who will now deny that THE CITIZEN is a prophet?

THE following was cabled to the press from Paris on Wednesday: "When Mr. Gladstone, who is sojourning at Biarritz, was informed of the dynamite outrage in Dublin he displayed profound agitation. He quickly recovered his composure, however, and being told all the known facts in connection with the affair, said that the explosion could not in any way be connected with politics. The crime, he added, could not be accounted for by any sensible supposition and was idiotic in its conception. He expressed deep sorrow and sympathy for the family of Detective Synnot."

MAYOR WASHBURNE has set about cleaning the streets—genius like water, will find its level.

MONSIGNOR SATOLLI'S mission to America has been productive of, at least, one good result—the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn has been restored to his priestly functions, and celebrated mass in a private chapel on Christmas Day. THE CITIZEN has no sympathy with certain high churchmen who regard the direct interference of the Pope in spiritual matters, or in matters of spiritual discipline, with disfavor. It is his province, and if, occasionally, he treads on prelatic corns in this country, or elsewhere, it is illogical for those who are "interfered" with to find fault. The Pope's interference in political, or secular, matters would be a horse of an entirely different color.

"LOYAL MIKE" DAVITT has been "*unsated*" in North Meath, so that, after all, he is not likely to figure in parliament this coming session. As Mr. Davitt has not been convicted of corrupt practices, he is not barred from trying his luck again, but, before trying it, he ought to ask the Right Rev. bishop of Meath to refrain from writing any more political pastorals.

THE Brown Mogul is, at present, acting as his own minister of public works As a consequence nearly 200 poor fellows have been discharged from that department in the very depth of an unusually severe winter. Is it statesmanship to "economize" at the expense of the poor? And still the streets and alleys are filthy.

IT would seem that human life is to be constantly sacrificed at the railroad crossings, in this city. An additional slaughter occurred at the Fort Wayne crossing on Forty-seventh street, Thursday morning, by which four passengers in a street car were killed and a dozen badly injured. When Mr. Roche was mayor, these things did not occur. Every railroad company coming into the city should be compelled to sink or elevate its tracks. Human life is more precious than even dividends.

MR. BLAINE continues to improve, and there is good reason to believe that his wonderful constitution will weather the storm which so recently endangered his life. He is likely to be spared many years yet to his country and his friends.

BOB SLAVIN, the well known comedian, died suddenly in Toledo, O., on Wednesday morning. He was one of the most popular minstrel men in the country and was at one time one of the proprietors of McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels. For two years he has had nothing but hard luck, and the cause of his sad death was principally a broken heart.

WILLIAM MILBURN, a boarder at the house of Mrs. Hattie E. Sheppard, No. 40 Ogden avenue, was stricken with smallpox on Wednesday. All the people in the immediate neighborhood have been vaccinated. Milburn's case is a bad one. He is 50 years of age, and is a painter and decorator by profession. A friend named F. E. Bell, who refused to desert Milburn, is nursing him.

IT is reported from Dublin that the notorious and infamous Le Caron, professional British spy, has been employed as a detective to ferret out the author, or authors, of the Dublin explosion. Most likely the deed was committed by some of the rascal's intimates, or he may have had a hand in it himself.

THE new county board made its appointments on Tuesday and fixed the salaries. The slate as made in the caucus went through with no opposition except from the five Republican members. The several offices will be filled by the following men at the salaries opposite their names: County attorney, James Maher, $4,000; general superintendent at Dunning, Dr. B. Brown, $2,500; warden at the county hospital, John Ernst, $2,000; county agent, James O'Brien, $2,000; chief jury clerk, John Pocka, $1,200; engineer at jail, J. F. Pillsbury, $1,500; Engineer at Dunning, Charles F. Casselman, $1,200; engineer at county building, T. P. Murphy, $1,500; engineer at county hospital, Cornelius Lynch, $1,200; county physician, Dr. M. E. McGrath, $2,000; custodian county building, James R. Pyne, $1,500; assistant county attorney, Walter J. Donovan, $1,800; committee clerk, W. S. Jewell, $1,500; county architect, J. S. Speyer, salary same as in 1892.

MR. ROCKAFELLER has given an additional million dollars to the Chicago University.

THERE are great fears for the Cunard steamer, the Umbria, which is several days overdue at New York. Nothing has been seen of her since Dec. 25. She has on board 570 passengers. The ship sailed from Queenstown on Dec. 18. It is hoped that she has simply broken a shaft, and is coming in under sail. The Cunard is a reliable line, and the chances for her safety are pretty strong.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

CUSTER'S HEART-FLOWER.

BY JOHN MADDEN.

On the field of Little Horn, so the Indian legends run,
Saber edg'd and golden blossom'd, turning to the Western sun,
Is the heart-flower of the soldier, with its crimson drop of life,
Pointing well the fatal flood-mark of that last unequal strife.

To the touch 'tis cold and cruel, and the curving saber-leaves
Drop their points to greet the sunset, while the twilight softly weaves
Figures, strangely weird, in ghostlike shapes with shadow hands,
Moving round the battle hillock, in their close unbroken bands.

In the centre, fierce and brilliant, is the grewsome drop of red,
To symbolize a hero's fall—with blood a hero shed—
In that last dread hour of combat, when with kinsmen by his side
He sank beneath the waves of war and like a chieftain died.

Let the hand but crush it rudely, and the grasp will leave a stain,
That long years can never wash away, of Custer foully slain;
On the awful field of vengeance in the western sunset land,
Where the heart-flower asks no quarter, but defies the foeman's hand.

Brave flower of border battle! true emblem of the dead!
Stern sentinel of the bivouac, guard well the soldier's bed;
Guard, grandly true, the crimson drop that marks the gory span
Where life must end, and death begin, when part the soul and man.

Turn thy sabers to the sunset, and let each point sink low,
While angel troops dip colors, to salute the brave Keogh,
While the gold dyed pennons of the West the mountain shadows part,
And warrior swordsmen greet thee, true flower of Custer's heart.

Union Catholic Library.

The following programme will be rendered at the fifth informal reception of the Union Catholic Library Association at their rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street, on Friday evening, Jan. 6:

Piano Solo—"Thornrose" ..... Beudel.
Miss Mamie Siegmund.
Tenor Solo—"Among the Lilies" ..... Dana
Mr. Geo. C. Shaefer.
Canuck Dialect Recitation—"Wreck of the Julie Plante" (by request) ..... Dr. G. F. Lydston.
Vocal Solo—"The Huntsman's Horn" ..... C. A. White
Miss Margaret Leahy.
Cornet Solo—"Kindred Souls" ..... Ellenberg
Mr. Charles Kimmitt and Mr. Mark Kelley.
Soprano Solo—"Night Time" ..... Van de Wates
Mrs. Dr. O'Shea.
Recitation ..... Selected
Dr. G. Frank Lydston.
Violin Solo—"Melodie" ..... A. Rubenstein
Mr. William Siegmund.

"KILLARNEY."

A New Irish Play of the Right Kind.

Miss Katie Emmet, a young Chicago girl, is advertised to appear at the Haymarket Theatre, on the West Side, next week, in a new Irish play entitled "Killarney." The piece is from the pen of Con T. Murphy, also of this city, who has earned an enviable reputation for writing Irish plays of a thoroughly respectable kind, among which are the "Ivy Leaf" and the "Fairy's Well." "Killarney" was produced in New York last fall at one of the best theatres in the city and made the first success that has been achieved by any Irish play that has been given in a Broadway theatre in over thirty years. As the name would denote, the story of the play is placed in the region of the Lakes of Killarney. Kittie Burke, the heroine of the play, has been defrauded out of an immense estate by a partner of her late father, who holds the deeds in lieu of a fictitious debt which he claims against the property. Kittie suspects the cheat and enters the service of the partner disguised as a boy and obtains possession of the papers which establish her claim to the estate. There are a number of little side plots in the play which add not a little to the interest of the story. The company has been carefully selected from the best actors of reputation in this country and is unequaled by any similar organization that has ever appeared on the American stage. Among the members of it are such people as George C. Boniface, Frazer Coulter, Grace Thorne, Harry Leighton, Thaddeus Shine and Robert McNair, two comedians who were with the unfortunate Scanlan during the last years of his career, and many others of equal note. There is also a wealth of Killarney scenery to be exhibited in the piece. All the principal points of interest have been depicted on canvas by some of the best scenic artists of Chicago and New York. The Reeks, Carran Tual, Ross Castle, Brickeen Bridge, the Kenmare road, Colleen Bawn Rock, the Old Weir Bridge, Gap of Dunloe and many other places of historical note are to be seen during the performance. The costuming of the piece is also a fine feature of the production. All of the costumes have been designed especially for the production by Harry Ogden of the Stromberg Lithograph Company and are historically correct as well as being unequalled for their richness. In the third act of the piece an exhibition of the Irish national game of hurling will be given by a number of experts in the game and it will be of especial interest to our people to know that all of the hurlers will be dressed in the ancient Irish hurling costume. "Killarney" will be with us only one week, as further time could not be had at present, and it is to be hoped that all who take an interest in the better class of the Irish drama will turn out and give Miss Emmet a hearty welcome to her home.

LITERARY.

Books and Magazines Received.

"Cycle-Infantry Drill Regulations, Prepared by Brig-Gen. Albert Ordway," published by the Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass. This is a comprehensive and able military work, devoted to an experimental movement, which is likely to become permanent, in our army. It has the hearty indorsement of Maj-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and other distinguished soldiers.

"A School History of the United States," published by Benziger Bros., Cincinnati and Chicago. This little volume is handsomely gotten up, and the subject of which it treats is dealt with in a scholarly and impartial manner. It is a really valuable addition to American school literature.

"Catheart's Literary Reader, a Manual of English Literature," published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. A well equipped volume, containing selections from Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Bacon, Milton, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Landor, Burns, Cowper, Scott, Burke, Franklin, Longfellow, Holmes, Ruskin Tennyson, Lowell, Coleridge, Poe, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Cooper, Hawthorne, and other masters, and mistresses of English, Scotch, Irish and American literature. We cannot understand, however, why Mr. George R. Catheart, the compiler, failed to include selections from Moore and Brinsley Sheridan, who, certainly, deserve a prominent place in the otherwise excellent volume.

"The Comedy of Twelfth Night, or What You Will," by William Shakespeare. Published by the same firm.

"Table Book and Test Problems in Mathematics," by J. K. Ellwood, A.M., of great value to students, and to general readers as well. *Id.*

"High School Algebra," embracing a complete course for high schools and academies, by William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D., president of the New York State Normal College. This work is an enlargement of Prof. Milne's "Inductive Algebra." *Id.*

"How to Teach Writing," a manual of penmanship designed to accompany Appleton's standard copy books. *Id.*

"Ivanhoe," a romance of the days of Richard Coeur de Lion, reprinted from the Waverly novels, serviceably bound and well drinted. *Id.*

"The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," by William Shakespeare. *Id.*

"The Sir Roger De Coverly Papers," from the "Spectator," by Addison, Steele and Budgell. *Id.*

"Ten Selections From the Sketch Book." Washington Irving. *Id.*

"Worthington's Illustrated Magazine," containing a variety of prose and verse by some of the best contemporary writers. A. D. Worthington & Co., publishers, Hartford, Conn.

"The New Peterson Magazine," with contributions by Talcott Williams, Mrs. Jeanette H. Walworth, Octave Thanet, Minot J. Savage, M. J. McClelland, Robert C. V. Meyers and Florence Earle Coates. Frank Lee Benedict, editor. The Peterson Company, publishers, Philadelphia.

"Is It Cahenslyism?" a pamphlet compiled and copyrighted by T. W. McGrath, New York, December, 1892.

"Donahoe's Magazine," for December, with a most interesting array of contributions in prose and verse, by distinguished American and Irish Catholic writers. Patrick Donahoe, publisher, Boston, Mass.

"The Literary Northwest," for January, 1893, Vol. II. No. 4, published by D. D. Merrill & Co., Saint Paul, Minneapolis and New York; with contributions by Rev. John G. Meiner, Florence A. Jones, Mabel Fairchild Wheaton, J. A. J. McKenna, Rev. John Conway, A.M., and other distinguished Northwestern writers. This is a handsomely printed magazine and deserves to be patronized by all lovers of Western-American literature.

STATUE OF GEN. SHIELDS.

[*"F. M. C." in Chicago News.*]

If the admirers and personal friends of the late Gen. Shields who reside in Chicago would meet together and determine to purchase the statue of Gen. Shields by the sculptor, L. W. Volk, I am confident they would secure the funds in a very short time. A reasonable sum could be had by an appeal to all the living soldiers of Gen. Shields' old division that he commanded at the first battle of Winchester and Front Royal, Va. The only Illinois regiment that was in his command at the battles named was the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry, known as the "Yates Phalanx." The whereabouts of the living members of the Thirty-ninth can be obtained from O. L. Mann or Gen. Thomas Osborne, now living in Chicago. Other organizations are the Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Ohio, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana, Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania and several other regiments I have forgotten. The surviving members of the regiments named would undoubtedly contribute a sufficient sum to secure the purchase of the statue. Gen. Shields was the only commander that ever defeated Stonewall Jackson with equal numbers, and then Jackson had the vantage ground, his forces being shielded by a skirt of woods and a stone wall, on the 23d of March, 1862, at Kernstown, three miles from Winchester. There never was a more patriotic, a truer or more gallant soldier than Gen. Shields. In two wars he shed his blood for the Stars and Stripes. He devoted his life's service to this country though of foreign birth. He was the peer of any man claiming citizenship of his or any other country. Let the statue be purchased and placed in one of the public parks of Chicago.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged $802 50
Collected by Div. No. 7, A. O. H. of Lynn, Mass. 50 00

The following are the names of those who subscribed to the fund in Lynn, Mass., through Div. No. 7 A. O. H:

Collected by Felix Murphy—

J. J. Lenanon	$1 00	F. J. Dolan	50
M. Cotter	1 00	J. Dempsey	50
D. J. Donovan	1 00	J. Lucy	50
P. Conway	1 00	J. Bergen	25
J. Ryan	1 00	F. Dolan	25
P. J. Horgan	1 00	H. Murphy	25
F. Murphy	1 00	J. Fitzgerald	25
J. G. Pufae	50	H. S. Collins	25
J. Doris	50	D. Dinan	25
C. Twomey	25	A Friend	30
E. Cutberth	50	L. C. Burns	50
B. Cutberth	50	M. King	50
P. Gorgan	50		
J. J. Mangan	50	Total	16 00
J. H. Corcoran	50		

Collected by Frank McHugh—

F. McHugh	2 00	J. Hamilton	50
F. McHugh, Jr	1 00	D. Hannill, Jr	1 00
D. Buckley	1 00	D. Murphy	50
M. Cronin	50	L. Berkeling	1 00
D. Hannill	1 00	M. Coston	25
M. McArdle	1 00		
D. J. Kilroy	50	Total	10 75
T. McDonnell	50		

Collected by William P. Casey—

W. P. Casey	50	T. Martin	25
P. Cronin	50	J. Hanrahan	25
J. Cotter	50	P. Devany	25
P. Sweeney	50	D. Shanahan	25
J. T. Carroll	50	G. Goddess	50
P. Croyne	25	J. P. Casey	50
P. Torrny	25	P. B. Lenemon	50
J. J. Costello	25	P. P. O'Neill	50
P. J. Meara	25		
T. Griffin	25	Total	7 00
M. Fogarty	25		

Collected by James Murphy—

J. Kelley	1 00	J. Loftis	25
J. Hayes	50	R. Tobin	1 00
H. M'Laughlin	25	J. Cotter	1 00
M. McArney	25	J. Geran	50
Wm. Martin	25	J. Hyde	50
M. Callaghan	25	P. Murphy	50
M. Robinson	1 00	P. J. Cotter	50
F. McGovern	25	F. C. Meade	25
T. O'Leary	50	J. Lyons	50
P. Finton	25	J. Murphy	50
P. O'Connell	25	P. Hughs	1 00
J. D. Howard	50	J. Lalley	50
J. Linehan	50	T. King	1 00
P. Madden	25	T. Magee	25
J. Cowhig	50	J. Curran	50
P. Mohan	25		
J. J. Twohig	25	Total	16 25

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

Division No. 1, A. O. H.

The dramatic entertainment and ball given by Div. No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Apollo Hall on the evening of the 29th inst., was a great success. After the play Mr. P. B. Flanigan introduced the Rev. Father O'Sullivan of the Church of the Nativity, who, in a very brilliant address, delivered a grand eulogy on the past and present of the Ancient Order, as one of the oldest benevolent societies organized by the Catholic children of the Irish race in the cause of the church, country and mutual aid. After dwelling on its many contributions and works of charity and patriotism, he requested the young men present who were not members to enroll themselves as soon as possible in this Catholic association, on whose banners were emblazoned the three cardinal principles of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. Father O'Sullivan was presented by Div. 1 with a beautiful full-rigged shipencased in a glass frame and sailing in a deep blue sea, a fine work of art executed by Mr. Stafford of No. 3733 Emerald avenue. The presentation was made by the Rev. Father Murphy of the Jesuit Church in an eloquent and appropriate speech which was gracefully responded to in a similar manner by the recipient.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C. R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a [illegible] division station, round-house and machine shops; employing nearly [illegible]. Good mechanics can get [illegible] and steady employment at [illegible] wages. We would like to have more [illegible] people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per [illegible]. For information call on or add[illegible]

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Mr. Corrigan's New Enterprise.

Mr. M. J. Corrigan, a popular young Irish-American, who was employed as book-keeper for many years at the commission house of H. C. Durand & Co., has lately purchased the grocery store of Peter J. Sullivan, No. 302 Wells street. We anticipate for Mr. Corrigan a prosperous business, as he is well acquainted, thoroughly experienced and possessed of business talents and abilities to make any commercial enterprise a success.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ONE WEEK ONLY,

Commencing Sunday, Jan. 1.

THE CHARMING COMEDIENNE

KATIE EMMETT,

In Her Romantic Irish Idyll,

"Killarney."

The Grandest of All Irish Productions.

A Carload of Magnificent Scenery. Superb Costumes, and the Greatest Company ever seen in an Irish play.

Irish Scenery. Irish Songs. A Genuine Irish Hurling Match.

The Verdict of Great Artists in Favor of the

KIMBALL PIANOS.

From a large number of letters in our possession indorsing the superiority of the Kimball Piano we mention the following well-known musicians who have used and recommended them:

Adelina Patti, Lilli Lehman, Minnie Hauk, Mme. Albani, Mme. Nordica, Fursch-Madi, Mme. Fabri, Sig. Tomaino, May Alvary, Sig. Del Puente, Sig. Arditi, Sig. Perotti, Sig. Reveili, Sig. Sarasete, Ovide Musin, C. Behrens, S. Gilmore, A. De Novellis, Emil Leisling, Chas. Kunkel, Clementine deVere, Emil Fischer, W. C. E. Seeboeck,

and many other prominent musicians of Europe and America.

The Pianos thus indorsed by the collective genius and authorities of the world may be found in large variety, together with the KIMBALL REED and PORTABLE PIPE ORGANS, as well as the celebrated HALLET & DAVIS, and PIANOS of cheaper make, at the warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL CO.,

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THE DEAD TRYST.

As I went by the harbor when folk were abed
I saw my dead lover in the boat pulling in;
My love he came swiftly and kissed my whitening head,
And my cheeks so hollow and thin.

And face to face we nestled by the wash of the foam,
And after long sorrow the joy it was sweet.
I combed his locks of honey with my little silver comb,
And with my hands I warmed his feet.

The sea fog crept round us as white as the wool,
And he lay on the sea sand with his head on my knee,
No night wind broke the silence, nor any shrieking gull,
In that death white fog from the sea.

And then I crooned him over our sweet songs of old;
Ochone, I could not warm him, and never a word he spoke.
I loosed my heavy hair then, the gray locks with the gold,
And wrapped him in a living cloak.

I never thought to ask him the wherefore he had come,
Or if his heaven were lonely and this earth so dear;
I prayed with eager longing that the cocks would be dumb,
And the nighttime last a year.

Ochone, the cocks came crowing, and he arose and went,
His darling black head hanging, out through the sea fog's snow.
Oh, wherefore, darling, darling, did you break my dull content,
And why did you come but to go?
—Katharine Tynan in Atalanta.

TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN

Henry Wilmerding's dwelling place was not in any wild and unsettled part of the world, where it might be supposed that personal safety could only be preserved by personal caution and personal daring or readiness, but in a large and well appointed apartment house, conveniently and centrally located on the most fashionable avenue in the city. His sitting room was richly and comfortably furnished; there were handsome rugs on the floor, and the rays from the shaded lamp fell upon a table covered with books and papers and the latest magazines. On the walls were many pictures, engravings, etchings and paintings, and on the top of the bookcase, which ran around the room, were a few pieces of well selected bric-a-brac and small statuary, while the books themselves, which filled all the cases, were further evidence of his taste and cultivation.

Surely his was a home where he might feel secure against any violence or attack of any sort. There were chairs about so comfortable as to invite any occasional occupant of them to repose and quiet and forgetfulness of trouble, but in one of the easiest of these, drawn near the table with the lamp, Henry Wilmerding sat cleaning a revolver—an occupation which seemed almost improper or at least incongruous in such surroundings. He had removed the cylinder of the pistol from its barrel and stock and was carefully rubbing it with a silk cloth, while upon the table at his hand were the cartridges he had taken from its chambers.

Suddenly the door, which he had carelessly left unlocked, was opened violently from without, and a man entered the room. Wilmerding rose quickly in astonishment and anger, but the newcomer said at once:

"Sit down!" And taking his hand from his overcoat pocket, where it had been concealed, he pointed a cocked pistol straight at Wilmerding's breast. Wilmerding was overcome by the suddenness of the intrusion and the action of the man, so terrible in its significance. His knees trembled and he sank back into his chair weak and for the moment unnerved, but presently, as he saw the man looking at him contemtuously, he rallied, and it was with apparently perfect composure that he said:

"Your command is peremptory and unpleasant, but you seem to have the power to enforce it. Well?"

The man walked to the other side of the table, where he stood silently for a moment, looking down at Wilmerding. Then his attention was attracted to the picture of a woman which stood upon the table in a sort of easel frame. He struck it violently with his left hand, knocking it to the floor.

"How dare you have that—her picture—there?" he asked.

"Oh, see here," Wilderming answered in proud carelessness, although he looked at the pistol still pointing directly toward him and then past it at the angry eyes of his visitor, "I can't change my arrangements to suit the whim of an uninvited and unwelcome guest. Pray, why have you favored me with this visit, Mr. David Bradford?"

"You know well enough why I have come."

"Apparently you have come to quarrel with me. You could not have chosen a happier time—for you," Wilmerding returned as he glanced at his own now useless pistol.

"Pshaw!" Bradford replied as he noted the direction of Wilmerding's glance. "Now I can wait; I can kill you when I please; I can be sure that you will feel all that it means; I can know that you will appreciate your punishment. Had you been ready, I would have been compelled to be quicker—that is all."

"Indeed?" asked Wilmerding; "yet I dare say I would not have used my pistol any more than I now care for help. This matter can be settled in only one way. But if you hold that position long your hand, steady as it is, will shake. Sit down, you will be more comfortable."

Bradford sat down and folded his arms upon the table before him. He held the pistol, still cocked; but it was no longer pointed at Wilmerding. For a moment or so Bradford looked silently at Wilmerding, who, whatever fear he may have felt, showed no sign of it.

"You are cool," Bradford said at last.

"Yes."

"You are very cool."

"I can be very hot. At present I prefer to be cool."

"Do you think that because I give you time I may spare you? Do you think that any plea of yours will help you?"

"When I plead with you, you may respond," Wilmerding replied disdainfully, retaining his wonderful command of himself.

"And yet life should be very pleasant to you; one would think you would find it worth your while to save it."

"It would be mere bravado to say that I court death," Wilmerding replied as he shrugged his shoulders. "I will not stoop to that."

"Yet death is before you—imminent and certain."

"You are very cool too."

"I am. Yet man never had greater reason to lose his self control than I; no man ever had greater cause for passion or anger than I. My very coolness makes my purpose more certain. Passion will not blind me. I will not lose my way."

"Then why do we wait, Bradford?"

"You have grown tired of the situation? I do not wonder. I have something to ask, however."

"A favor to ask?"

"Yes. You owe me something for the havoc and ruin you have wrought in my life."

"I have wrought no havoc, no ruin, for whatever of ruin you have come to you are yourself responsible. It is you who should be called upon for payment, for reparation. But let that go. I did not mean, I do not choose to meet any accusation you may wish to bring against me."

"As you please; it will save time."

"Yes; but from your point of view do I owe you more than my life will pay?"

"More, Wilmerding? Far more. What good will your death do me? Do you think that I have failed to consider the cost of my step to me? It is punishment for you, not reward for me, that I propose to seek in this way."

As Bradford spoke he unfolded his arms and touched gently, with the fingers of his left hand, his pistol. Wilmerding did not show that he noted the action of Bradford. He laughed coolly.

"You must have arrived at your judgment and planned this—this execution of it deliberately," he said.

"Yes."

"Then it is as a judge, righteous and pure, that it pleases you to pose?"

"Pose?" Bradford repeated.

"I think that that is the word. It may be that you deceive yourself; but you cannot deceive me. I know you too well, Mr. Bradford—altogether too well. You were not happy in your selection of an audience. But come. This favor you want granted—what is it?"

"I want a statement; I want you to write and sign a statement of your relations with my wife."

Wilmerding expressed his astonishment that such a favor should be asked of him in a long, low whistle. He looked sharply and questioningly at Bradford, in whose determined face and unchanging attitude there was no indication that he meant either to relent in his purpose or relax his vigilance. Then Wilmerding moved closer to the table and drew paper before him.

"Nothing could be simpler or easier to do than that," he said, "but I am afraid my statement will not gratify you. To be complete it will have to tell you of your relations, too—of your foolish neglect, your inhuman cruelty, your falsity and your baseness."

"You may include what you please."

"And as for my relations, why should I not write of them? The whole world may know of them as well as not."

"That is not what I want. I do not care for only a statement of what the world knows or may know. That would not be worth the asking for."

"Then"— Wilmerding began, but Bradford interrupted him.

"I want a complete statement—a truthful statement, no matter who is harmed, no matter who is incriminated."

Wilmerding, as if his task were a hopeless one, pushed away the paper he had drawn before him. He leaned back in his chair.

"Ah, I knew," he said; "I thought so. You do not want the only statement I can write—that would not serve your purpose. You seek to justify yourself. You do not want the truth; it is not truth you want at all, but a lie. I will not write it. Yet I thank you."

"Yes; I have given you a chance."

"A chance?" Wilmerding repeated, as though he did not understand. "I thanked you because you had not tried to bargain with me; because you had not offered me my life in exchange for the lying statement you want. That great dishonor you have spared me and I thank you."

"But I will make a bargain with you; I will give you your life for the statement I want."

Wilmerding rose. He pushed his chair from him so that it fell noisily to the floor. For the first time in the interview he spoke angrily and without the control of himself he had maintained.

"You scoundrel!" he said. Bradford rose from his seat, recoiled a step or two, raised his pistol, but then lowered it again as Wilmerding spoke on. "How dare you think of me so badly? How dare you think I would purchase even life at such a price as that? You want the truth, you say. I do love your wife. Is that the truth you want? I do love your wife more than I love life or fear death. I love her, I say, but no word of love from me has ever hurt her ears. No word of love for me has ever sullied her lips; yet I know she loves me. That is the most glorious truth I know. She loves me as she never did, never could have loved you."

Wilmerding, as though now he only wished that some end might be brought to the interview, any end to the suspense, leaned far over the table toward Bradford and pulled his waistcoat open impatiently. Bradford raised his pistol again, his finger on the trigger.

"Do not be impatient," he said. "You may even now change your decision and save your life."

Wilmerding straightened himself and pulled at his collar as though he found it hard to breathe. Then he raised his hand imploringly.

"Wait!" he said. "One minute."

"Ah!" Bradford said as he smiled scornfully. "You know the terms."

"And you can think I will accept them! Wait. There in that cabinet behind you"——

Bradford smiled again and shook his head. Wilmerding divined his thought at once.

"You fear to turn?" he went on, and he, too, smiled. "You are wise. But if you will only extend your left hand a little you may open it for me—so. On that shelf—a little lower, please—there is a box. Hand it to me."

Bradford had followed the directions given him by Wilmerding not without thought of what might be intended, but the box, he found, was small and light. It could contain no weapon, and he threw it carelessly upon the table between them. Wilmerding took it and opened it and looked at its contents.

"Bradford," he continued slowly, "you could not, I suppose, have retained the love of your wife. Fate and yourself—your own character—were against you and were too strong for you, but you might at least have tried to retain her respect; you might have chosen not to make all her life a hideous nightmare; you might have chosen not to trample upon her and upon the love she bore you. Even now, while seeking, as you say, to do but justice and to punish me, you are willing to make her the lifelong victim of a ruinous scandal. I can save her. You are secure in your own defense, for it is the way to let such a crime as you intend go unpunished.

"You see that I feel the unassailable strength of your position; I have felt it too long, and too much; I have respected only too well your rights; I have chosen not to attempt to storm the barrier her horrible blunder of long ago put between my love and me. Had I cared less for her I might—who knows?—have taken her from you and all your world. Ever since I had the fortune to meet her and to learn to love her—good fortune I call it even now, though I stand in your power—I have done the best I could for her—the best I could to make her life bearable, to lighten her sorrows. I have lived my life—I have not been an angel; but toward her and for her I have been only good. And you? Can you ever say so much? Now you offer to spare my life. I decline your offer. I know a way to spare her. Now—the world will wonder, but scandal will not touch her. Be a little generous to her."

As he finished speaking he took from the box he held in his hand two of the little capsules it contained and swallowed them. Almost immediately he fell backward.

Bradford, who had stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the meaning of his words, stepped toward him. He had spoken of justice and punishment, but it was hate that made him raise his pistol and fire at Wilmerding's form. After a pause he shot again, and then, as quickly as he could, he fired the remaining charges in his revolver.—William McKendree Bangs in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Postmasters General.

The postmaster general's department was established on Sept. 22, 1789, and the first holder of the office was Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts. It may be added that Massachusetts has participated actively in the filling of cabinet posts, and enjoyed a century ago the political distinction which now appears to belong to Ohio. The post of postmaster general has usually been filled from the "border" states. Pierce went to Tennessee for his first postmaster general. Buchanan chose one from Kentucky. Lincoln appointed a Maryland man. Grant went to Maryland and Hayes to Tennessee. Garfield had in Thomas L. James a New Yorker, but since then the claims of the west have generally been considered. Mr. Cleveland's first postmaster general, Vilas, was from Wisconsin; his second, Dickinson, was from Michigan. John Wanamaker is the first Pennsylvanian to hold that office since the establishment of the federal government.—New York Sun.

Vaccine by Carrier Pigeons.

At a sitting of the Academie de Medecine Surgeon Major Stroebel gave a description of the method he has devised for insuring the safe carriage of vaccine by carrier pigeons. The possibility of being able to send vaccine into an infested town or fortress where smallpox may have broken out is perhaps considered of little importance by ourselves, but on the continent the matter is not one to be entirely overlooked. Dr. Stroebel, by practical experiment, has shown that, with the plan he adopts, each pigeon can be made to carry six small tubes of vaccine, and to travel considerable distances without any fear of the tubes becoming damaged.—London Public Opinion.

Description of a Text.

How many people know that the monument that Laban and Jacob set up near the borders of Canaan and called "Mizpah," or a lookout, was erected in suspicion rather than love? The literal meaning was this: "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other, and see that you are not up to some new trick as soon as my back is turned."

So when it is inscribed in an engagement ring it might mean, "The Lord watch and see that you do not flirt when we are absent one from the other."

Those who use the text are sometimes wiser than they know.—Chicago Journal.

When the Cat Was Sacred.

In the Middle Ages brute animals formed as prominent a part in the devotional ceremonies of the time as they had in the old religion of Egypt. The cat (ælurus) was embalmed after death and buried in the city of Bubastis, because, according to Herodotus, Diana Bubastis, the chief deity of the place, was said to have transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled to Egypt.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The Origin of the Concord Grape.

A recent account makes the Concord grape a chance seedling found by Mr. Bull, of Concord, Mass. But Mr. Bull once told the writer of this that he sowed seeds of what he thought a good kind, and it was from one of these seedlings that the Concord sprang.—Meehan's Monthly.

DIAMOND CUTTERS.

WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED IN ONE OF THE LARGEST HOUSES.

The Difficult and Delicate Task of Getting Jewels from Rough Stones—Selecting and Dividing the Jewels Before They Reach the Workroom.

Not all diamonds used in this part of Europe are cut in Paris or in Amsterdam; but in Geneva, close by the Quai de la Poste, there is the "Taillere de Diamants" of the Dupuis Bros. Not only that, but most of the diamond cutters here are young women, "tres intelligente," and most attractive. They receive, too, for work of the same kind as that done by men the same rate of compensation, and many of them earn, though their hours are not long, from ten to fifteen dollars a week. The establishment of Dupuis Freres is in a handsome granite building, just at the head of the Coulouvreniere, and occupies its second etage. The building is triangular in form, with its private offices near the apex. The first of these offices is a cozy room where the precious stones are kept after cutting in a huge iron safe, which will be brought at your desire.

Quarter and half and almost pound packets of the beautiful gems that are like showers of dew in brilliant sunshine as you bury your hands among them. There are all sizes, from the tiniest rose diamond to others that are like second kohinoors as they flash from the velvet beds, for these larger diamonds are kept carefully selected in cases instead of in the little tissue paper covered packets. The variety of tint is simply wonderful—brown diamonds, green diamonds, yellow diamonds, purest white diamonds, and rarest of all, the MM. Dupuis told me, blue diamonds. Nearly opposite the private office is the bookkeeping and recording room and the counter at which the elder M. Dupuis sits assorting the gems as they come from the cutting, and if a diamond in the rough is of such shape that his skilled eye tells him it could not be cut to advantage as found he divides it into two or three parts before it is carried to the workroom.

Both the assorting and the dividing require the greatest skill and most perfect knowledge—both intuitive and practice gained—of the stones, which in their crude condition resemble, it seems to me, bits and pieces of different tinted gum arabic more than anything else. As I have told you, the senior member of the firm assorts and divides the diamonds, while the junior partner himself keeps all books and records and apportions the stones to their cutters, five at a time to each, marking the weight, date and all opposite the cutter's name, until they are returned completed. In this room, too, diamonds are received for repair and recutting. That reminds me that in cutting almost one-half the original weight of the stone is lost, or, more properly, cut away, for not a grain of the dust is lost, as you will see.

The chief workroom or atelier is a large, bright, airy room, splendidly ventilated and exquisitely neat. In it, about the walls that form two sides of the triangle, there are a sufficient number of cutting machines for about seventy-five employees, and back of these close by the windows are seats and benches for the girls who place the diamonds in the solder, beds for the machine cutting, an operation that must be completed very deftly, for, first, there is the placing of one solder oval in the cup of the instrument that receives the diamond, and that much resembles the cup of a "cup and ball," handle and all; then the other half must receive just the right degree of fusion at the gas and be applied so as to finish the oval. It is in the top of this upper part that the stone is placed while the solder is warm enough to be molded back sufficiently to leave one little face of the gem visible. When ready for the machine the entire oval is a little larger than a robin's egg. Dipping quickly in a dish of water hardens the solder, and then the cup and ball, with the stick end up, is applied to the machine, which does the cutting by revolving 2,400 times a minute, so as to hold the diamond face closely down to a steel disk perhaps a foot in diameter and covered with microscopic lines, on which diamond dust has been scattered and is held in place by minute particles of oil dropping from a quill above. The dust from one diamond, being caught on this disk, serves to polish the next diamond. So, as you see, nothing is lost. The girls to whom this work is intrusted must necessarily give it their undivided attention.

In the lower center of this room the walls are so constructed that a second triangle is formed, also with a pleasant outlook. At the counters facing these windows the actual "diamond cut diamond" process, one of the first to which the stones are subjected, is seen. They are imbedded in wax, and then one is used to cut another by the most skillful workmen. It is this process that produces the chips so much used in small jewelry. At the other side of this inner triangle men are always busy repairing and inspecting the machinery, especially the disks, whose condition must be absolutely perfect.

There is one female operative in the atelier of great natural ability and many years of experience whose aid is very valuable, because she can instantly judge the weight of even the most minute stones handed her for inspection. The recompense for cutting stones up to those of more than medium weight is, I believe, the same, because the amount of care and labor required is the same. With the exception of the light whir of the machinery this large atelier is absolutely quiet, for there must not be even singing here, lest it distract, though unconsciously, from the attention required by the work.—Paris Letter.

Driven to Stealing.

Magistrate—You're charged with stealing a gold watch.

Prisoner—Want drove me to do it.

Magistrate—Want, eh?

Prisoner—Yes, I wanted the watch!—Exchange.

Purifying Water.

Dr. Daremberg, writing concerning the means of rendering a cholera infected water innocuous, says that this end may be accomplished in one of three ways—viz., by filtering, by boiling or by the addition of some chemical substance which will destroy the germs of the disease. The first of these methods is as a rule ineffective, and can be relied on only when every detail is most scrupulously attended to. The second is effective, but troublesome, and cannot always be carried out, fire and a suitable vessel for boiling being indispensable. The third method is one which, he says, is equally effective as boiling, and which can be carried out anywhere and at any time.

The purification of water has been effected through the addition of alum, but the author prefers the acidulation of the water, especially in the case of possible cholera infection. Citric acid may be added to the water in the proportion of sixty to eighty centigrams to the liter. This method is inexpensive, does not impart any unpleasant taste or odor to the water, and can be done anywhere without the need of cumbersome or delicate apparatus. In place of citric acid, tartaric or hydrochloric acid may be used if desired.—New York Medical Record.

O Turn My Pi!

Our curate, who lived five miles away, rode over for our dreary service on the Sunday, dined, and we saw him no more during the week. He was much occupied in the pursuit of the fox, which, it is charitable to suppose, he mistook for a wolf, and, like a good shepherd, was anxious to destroy.

The service was literally a duet between the parson and the clerk, except when old John Manners, the bricklayer, gave the keynote for the hymn from his bassoon, a sound which might have been uttered by an elephant in distress, and we sang:

O turn my pi—O turn my pi—O turn my pious soul to Thee.

Or when the curate suddenly emerged from his surplice, which he placed on the side of his reading pew, and appearing in his academic gown went up the three decker to preach. The altar was represented by a small rickety deal table, with a scanty covering of faded and patched green baize, on which were placed the overcoat, hat and riding whip of the officiating minister, etc.—"Memoirs of Dean Hale."

John Plankinton's Ovation.

A noble type of the man who knows how to do good with his money was John Plankinton, of Milwaukee. Mr. Plankinton's charitable deeds began in early life, from the very generosity of his nature, and were continued uninterruptedly. What he has done is best attested by the fellow citizens of the great pork packer who had shared his public munificence and were thoroughly cognizant of his many private charities. In illustration of the esteem and love in which he was held it is related that when President Cleveland visited Milwaukee in 1887, the applause which greeted him as his carriage drove along the streets was as nothing to the ovation given John Plankinton, who rode in the procession.

When, a year or two later, Mr. Plankinton's body was borne to the cemetery, all the houses along the line of the funeral march were draped in mourning and expressions of personal sorrow were heard on every hand. It was a tribute to a rich man who spent his money wisely and who knew what was beautiful in a life that is worth living.—New York World.

Where Allspice Grows.

The Island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen, and the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun, and afterward packed in bags holding 160 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.—Baker's Helper.

In the Visitors' Book.

A gentleman who has just returned from England has scribbled in his notebook some of the things which he found in an inn album in Devonshire, at a country inn where he was detained over a stormy day.

His best extract is the comment upon a misspelled word.

"I can fully recomend this inn," one traveler wrote, with more kindliness than orthography. Under this a later comer had written:

How can you "fully recommend" it
Unless another "m" you lend it?
Shorn of this letter, you must see,
The word a thousand fold must be
Short of its full identity!
—Youth's Companion.

Washington's Philanthropist.

William W. Corcoran made millions of dollars in the banking business, and he gave away millions, as every schoolboy knows. What he has done for the city of Washington and its vicinity is shown in the beautiful art gallery, the Louise home and other substantial structures. What his private charities have been can be learned from thousands of people he has relieved and assisted.—New York World.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

The safest place in a thunderstorm is said to be under a small tree or building or the open space, the signal of danger being the loud, reverberating thunder claps, which indicate that the lightning is not far off, and that the next bolt is liable to strike somewhere in the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

HIS RAILROAD FRIEND.

A Case in Which Cash, Not Friendship, Won the Day for an Actor.

Probably the funniest experience I ever played part in while traveling was the one that occurred in Kansas City two or three seasons ago, when a nice, smooth faced, brotherly restaurant keeper nearly succeeded in holding me prisoner for the night, and I am not prepared to state what he might have done with me next day.

I won a big bet that day, and had proceeded with a number of my friends to the largest cafe in town, where I had invited them to assist in the destruction of my newly born roll after the play.

Well, we arrived at the restaurant in good form. In the party were three ladies and three gentlemen, just making up a nice table. The proprietor saw us coming, and meeting us at the door, led the way to the table he had prepared for us as agreed earlier in the day. Of course this table was pretty well decorated and the people about the cafe, which was crowded, were anxious to know who I was, as I seemed to be the leader.

"What, that fellar there?" inquired the proprietor, after an inquiry had been addressed to him. "Oh, he's an old friend of mine; uster go ter school tergether, But he's the president of the Union Pacific now, just in town for a day or so, dining at my place every night."

I don't know whether it was intended we should hear this or not, but we could not help hearing it, and the boys offered a toast to their friend the president.

Finally discovering that the waiters were secretly falling asleep on the backs of their chairs and that, the hour being late, the other guests were leaving, we had one more toast and then prepared to depart. My friends stepped outside, where they were to await me after I had dispensed of some of my stock, being a railroad president, and I walked up to the restaurateur, feeling in my pockets for my roll, which seemed to be playing hide and seek with me.

Finally I had to admit that I couldn't find a cent.

"What!" said my schoolmate friend, "this is a fine thing to do. Yer can't play a trick like this with me. Yer know bloody well yer had no money in yer clothes when yer walked in here."

I tried to remonstrate with him and recalled our going to school together. This rather touched him for a moment, but proved to be only while he was inventing a way out of it, and as I expected he announced it a case of mistaken identity and disowned me for being "his railway president friend who went to school with him."

"Now you can just seat yourself right here and let the people look at the biggest skin in town until yer find money ter pay yer bill," and the people all looked with a vengeance.

Just then in walked one of my friends, who must have been standing near by, as he knew the situation perfectly. He stepped up to the proprietor, paid the bill out of a good life sized roll and handed me the remainder. Then I caught on, but said nothing until I got him outside.—Nat Goodwin in New York Press.

Paid for Being Sung To.

Who hasn't heard the song "Georgie?" If it's you it must be because you do not dare to trust yourself in concert halls.

No one there will touch you, steal you or do anything to shock you. All the trouble that may come to you will depend entirely on yourself.

"Georgie" is the song the cafe chantant chanteuse sings to the bass viol player in the orchestra. He, unhappy man, is the pretended object of her affection. She addresses him in such burning terms of endearment that the audience howl with delight, while the poor player blushes with embarrassment. Every one sees the point, but the poor bass viol man can't help wishing it was true. Still, he takes the rose given him by the prima donna from one of her bouquets with evident content.

Who can blame him? He gets two dollars extra a night besides.—New York Herald.

The English and French Oration.

With us hearing orations is a serious, dreary business; to the Frenchman it is an artistic pleasure and a holiday function, even though it be at the graveside or in the throes of a revolution. Fine language, whether in a speech or book, he welcomes as an æsthetic luxury and emotional stimulant, the fineness being of course proportioned to his degree of cultivation, for academicians have been found to own that some phrases, highly effective in their day, are only vulgar fustian. He views the eloquence of the rostrum much as we do that of the stage—as a professional art, whereof he is a sharp and enthusiastic critic. Truth, cold veracity, naked fact, prosaic reason are not what he seeks, but inspiring themes clothed in grand words.—London Academy.

Anything to Oblige.

A young married Frenchman was at a picture dealer's. He had pretty well made up his mind to purchase a certain canvas, which was marked up 6,500 francs. "Can't you make it 6,000?" said he to the dealer. "If I buy the picture I have to send a telegram to my wife informing her of the fact, and 6,000 would be two words less, you know." "Can't make any reduction, sir, on 6,500," said the dealer, "but I'll make it the even 7,000, just to meet your wishes."—London Figaro.

Evaporation of Boilers.

In calculating the evaporative capacity of boilers it is usual to reckon it at so many pounds per square foot of heating surface. But this method is not sufficiently accurate to determine the maximum evaporation at any given point, since evaporation is not and cannot be uniform throughout a boiler.—Exchange.

The Value of Science.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't plenty of good, common sense the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOW I LOVE HER.

Go, laughing, leaping, romping rill—
Go where my love is straying,
And in the pools, when you are still,
Then list to what she's saying,
And with the sunny, summer skies
Of azure arched above her,
Show her her own angelic eyes
And tell her how I love her.

Go, gentle winds, soft, sighing winds—
Go where my love is sleeping,
And be about her window blinds
And through the curtains creeping.
Weave in the wimples of her hair
The perfume of the clover;
Caress her face, so sweet and fair,
And tell her how I love her.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A WAIF.

The great yard of the King George inn at Cornchester was almost emptied of men, horses and vehicles when Jeremiah Mott, the Willowmere carrier, entered it. It was then 8 o'clock of a winter evening, and nearly everybody had gone home from market. The stables of the King George were almost empty. In its accustomed corner stood old Farmer Scrooby's gray mare, but that was not unusual, seeing that Scrooby never went home until he had finished his "market day 'lowance."

He was sitting in the bar parlor just then, leisurely soaking his capacious body with gin and water, and the 'ostler knew that the gray mare would have to stand in its stall for a good hour yet. But it was something very unusual to see Jerry Mott's stout pony in the stables at that time, and the 'ostler was curious to know the reason of the carrier's delay. As a usual thing, Jeremiah was off and away before 6.

"Yew be late tonight, Master Mott," said the 'ostler as Jerry approached the stable door. "You'm away home afore this in general."

"Ah!" Jeremiah heaved a long sigh. "Ah! You be right, William; yes, you be right. Outward at 12 and inward at 6—them is my rule, as a hewsual thing—yes, oh, dear, yes."

"Well, yew be two hours late in goiny hinwards tonight, then, Master Mott, for 'tis 8 now by parish church clock."

"Ah, dear, yes!" said Jerry, helping the 'ostler to yoke the stout pony into the shafts of the carrier's cart. "But I was two hours late in startin from Willowmere, ye see, Willum. Oh, ah—yes of course. Trouble, Willum, trouble it was that did it. 'All flesh is grass,' ain't it, now, Willum?"

"Ah, yew be right, Master Mott. Yes, 'man as is born of woman'—very powerful, effectin words them be. Somebody dead, Master Mott?"

"Yes," said Jerry, heaving another prodigious sigh. "Oh, yes, Willum. My little grandowter."

"Nay. What, Bob's little g'el? I be sorry to hear on 't, Master Mott. And the only one they had too! Dear, dear!"

"Ah!" sighed Jerry. "Ten month old this very day, and as fine a child as ever yew did see. The way it took nourishment! Oh, but 'tis a world o' trouble is 'his, now—ain't it, Willum?"

"Yew be right there," said William. "There do be a deal o' deaths. Old Simon Brown died last week—matter o' ninety-fower he were. Ah, very sad is this world—so it is."

"Aye," said Jerry, climbing into his cart and swinging his lantern over its contents to see that they were all safe; "aye, Willum, we be all born to trouble, accordin to the Scripcher. Take it very bad, do some on us, too, when we be called to kiss the rod too."

"Human natur, Master Mott, human natur. Yes, I reckon Bob and his pore wife'll take it very hard. Dear, dear, a deal they did think o' that child, sure-ly! The way it were dressed—like a quality infant. Ah, a sore trouble indeed."

"Aye, Willum, and, ye see, all the more so 'cause Bob and his wife has no more. Oh, a very desolate house indeed, I assewer you, Willum, when I come away. 'Bob, my lad,' I says, 'yew bear up. Listen to parson, Bob,' I says. 'Let him speak comfortable words,' says I."

"To be sure," agreed the hostler. "'Tis very seasonable is a bit o' religion when a man's in trouble."

"Aye!" said Jerry, gathering up the reins. "Aye! Buried it today they did, Willum. Alongside my old woman it is—God rest 'em both! Well, good night, Willum—a very sad world is this here."

Jerry went rumbling out of the yard and through the archway into the glaring lights of the market place. Usually he had stopped his pony at the sweetstuff shop and purchased a "marketing" for Bob's baby; tonight he drove sadly past, for the baby was dead and beyond the reach of lollipops. He could see the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard in his mind's eye as he drove slowly out of Cornchester and turned into the dark country lane that led homeward. Such a tiny mound it was—how strange that it covered so much of human love and sorrow!

It is six miles from Cornchester to Willowmere, and between the market town and the sleepy village lie two other places—one a rather large colliery village called Pitmouth, the other a tiny hamlet called Little Ashby. It was old Jerry's duty to call at both these places. There were parcels to deliver and commissions to give an account of. Presently therefore he pulled up at the Blue Pig in Pitmouth, and after collecting half a dozen miscellaneous parcels from his cart disappeared into the inn. His pony remained quietly outside. It was accustomed to stay in the same spot every Saturday evening for at least half an hour.

Everything was very quiet inside the inn. The village lay a hundred yards farther along the road, and the Blue Pig was therefore comparatively lonely. Thus it happened that no one was about when a woman, carrying a square basket hamper, came cautiously from the direction of the village and approached Jeremiah Mott's cart. She looked around to see that no one watched her, and then laid the basket very gently among the straw in the body of the vehicle. For a moment she lingered, then she drew the shawl closely about her face and hurried away.

At the end of half an hour Jerry emerged from the inn, climbed to his seat, bade the pony proceed and rolled away again. He left the colliery village behind him and was soon in the open country. Left to himself once more the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard began to haunt him again. He sighed as he pictured the lonely cottage at home. Bob and his wife would be there waiting his return, and no doubt still sorely troubled by their bereavement.

"Eh," sighed Jerry to himself, "what a deal o' difference a little un dew make, sure-ly! I'd gi' a hundred goold guineas to have it back."

The road grew rather rough. They had been laying down a course of dross upon it, and the pony staggered a bit as he picked his way in the darkness over the sharp points. The cart had no springs, and it began to jolt and shake somewhat. Presently it got over the stones and onto smooth surfaces again. Then Jerry was suddenly aware of a child's faint cry somewhere close at hand. He started and pricked his ears like a watchdog.

"Seems to me like a child a-cryin," said he. "Yes; 'tis a child, sure-ly. Whoa, Robin, lad! Let's see what this may be. Whoa, then!"

The pony stopped, and Jeremiah got down, and having lighted his lantern went over toward the hedgeside. The cry had stopped then. He looked about him curiously, but saw nothing. "Must be on t'other side," said he, and went stumping across the lane. Then the faint cry came again, and the carrier straightened himself up in amazement.

"Blessed if 'tain't in my cart!" said he. "Well—well—this do be very pertickler strange. A child cryin in my cart."

He held the lantern over the cart tail and looked at the miscellaneous collection of baskets, bags and parcels arranged there. And then his face grew troubled, for he saw a hamper and did not recognize it.

"Dear, dear!" said Jeremiah. "Here be strange work, I misdoubt. I didn't never put that i' my cart."

The hamper lid was loose, and Jerry turned it back and gazed with astonished eyes on the sight which presented itself. For there, warmly wrapped in various ancient garments, lay a baby girl, fair haired and blue eyed, who stared at Jerry's wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and smiled contentedly.

"Dear-a-me!" said the carrier. "Dear-a-me!"

He stood staring at the baby until it began to whimper again. There was a feeding bottle in the basket with it, and Jerry hastened to thrust the tube into the little rosy mouth, at the same time giving voice to certain soothing chuckles which he had used when hushing his little dead granddaughter to sleep. Then he covered the baby up again and went forward to Little Ashby and pulled up at the door of the "Brown Cow." He staid inside little more than two minutes, and when he came forth again the stout, comfortable looking landlady followed him to the cart.

"Look 'ee there, missis," said Jerry, holding his lantern over the sleeping baby's face. "Look 'ee there!"

The landlady nodded and sighed.

"Ah, poor dear!" said she. "'Tis just a dispensation o' Providence, Master Mott—it is indeed. Take it home to Bob's poor wife—maybe it'll comfort her for the loss of the other."

So Jeremiah set forward over the last mile of road to Willowmere. The baby slept quietly all the way, for the road was smooth, and the motion of the cart was soothing.

Poor Bob, his eyes red with weeping for the dead baby, was at the gate to welcome his father. Jeremiah got down from his perch very softly and approached him.

"Now, my lad," said Jerry, "how do 'ee feel now like, and how's poor Mary?"

"Bad—very bad, feyther, is Mary," said Bob. "Her sits by the hearthstone and don't say a word to nobody. Mistress White—she says 'at if on'y Mary 'ud cry a bit 't would do her good, but her don't cry—not a tear."

"Bob," said the old man, "look thee here!"

He held the lantern over the sleeping baby. Bob, opening his eyes and mouth, stared and gazed in amazement. The old man set down the light, and lifting the child from its nest turned with it toward the house. Mary sat by the hearth as he entered, her eyes dry and burning, her face full of despair.

"Mary," said old Jeremiah very softly. "Mary—look thee here, my dear."

He laid the sleeping baby on her knee. It suddenly woke and shed the full light of its blue eyes upon her. For a second she gazed at it wonderingly; then she clasped it in her arms, and the hot tears began to rain down upon its round little face. Old Jeremiah watched the little group wonderingly; then he turned, sighed and went back to his cart.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Inventions of Women.

Women inventors by no means confine themselves to those departments where they might be supposed to possess special experience. Patents have been granted to women for a plan for deadening the noise on railways, for preventing sparks from locomotives, for sweeping the streets, for a new form of life raft, for textile manufactures, electrical appliances, and in London a woman has patented a machine for making watch screws that is provided with a thread so delicate as to be almost invisible, and so perfect as to cut threads on a human hair.—New York Sun.

A Way Out of It.

The other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well feigned innocence, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?" After several hundred people went two-thirds distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meanly says, "One takes the dish with the egg."

CHANGES IN WORDS.

STRANGE DEPARTURES MADE FROM ORIGINAL MEANINGS.

Many Words Which Today Mean Almost the Opposite of That Which They Stood for Many Years Ago—Here Are a Few Examples of Changes of Meaning.

The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a word's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English speaking folk it now means the Book of Books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book whatever, or scroll. Tracing the word Bible straight home we find it but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt. Cancellarius is another word which has risen from humble origin to high rank. Under the early Roman emperors it meant simply doorkeeper, by which token Gibbon speaks of the wrath of the people of Rome when the worthless Emperor Carinus set his low-born cancellarius to rule over them. And nowadays the lord high chancellor of England—though shorn of some of the influence he wielded in the days of Thurlow and Eldon—ranks rather higher than a mere doorkeeper. Consul is a word which retains scarce a shred of its olden grandeur. During their year of office Rome's consuls twain ranked above kings, and Cicero's pride in having filled this lofty post seems likely to live forever in that luckless jingle of his:

O fortu natum natum, me consule Romam!

But now nearly every fourth rate town on the face of the globe can boast half a dozen consuls. The Courteney motto: "Quid feci? Ubi lapsus!" might fit not only this poor, degraded word, but the name of Cicero himself, which, under the thin disguise of cicerone, now decks every gabbling guide who hashes names, dates and the queen's English, or whatever may chance to be his mother tongue. Patricius, in its English shape, patrician—unmangled—still keeps some of its old dignity. But, to quote Gibbon, "the meanest subjects of the Roman empire assumed the illustrious title Patricius, which, by the conversion of Ireland, has been communicated to a whole nation." Gibbon—who sometimes fails to make his meaning clear—here means that Ireland's missionary, Succathus by name, received the title Patricius, whence St. Patrick, whence Pat.

See how villanus has sunk. At the outset it meant the worthy hind who tilled the broad acres surrounding a Roman squire's country seat. (For villa—another word which has gone down in the world—originally indicated, not a snug suburban dwelling, but demesne as well as mansion.) In the Middle Ages, however, villanus, or villein, came to mean a downtrodden tiller of the soil, who could scarcely call his soul his own, and whose gross ill treatment bore its fruit—gross ill conduct. Hence the rank ill odor in which the once harmless word villain now lies steeped.

Note, too, how sophist has sunk. At its birth sophites—from sophia, wisdom—meant a wise man. Had it acquired a taint even when Pythagoras eschewed it as too arrogant? Or was it sheer modesty that led him to coin for himself the unpretending word philosophos, lover of wisdom? Anyhow, sophist has sunk so low that it now denotes one skilled in the base art of making the worse appear the better reason. Hypocrite has shared the fate of sophist. Originally the sole and entirely honorable sense of upokreies was actor on the stage—not, as now, an actor off it, a sly sinner feigning himself virtuous. Our word actor—and still more actress—has acquired a kindred taint, not from any fault in those who use the art, behind the footlights, but from the frailty of those who abuse it by playing a part on life's stage, instead of showing themselves manfully in their true colors.

Cunning has sunk so low that it can scarce sink lower. It now means 'cute, and 'cute bears a perilous resemblance to sharper—which we might define as "one who would deem it an insult to be told that he had missed a chance of duping a flat." Yet knowing—now almost a synonym for sharper, and commonly linked very significantly with card—"He's a knowing card"—originally meant kenning, or crafty in that honorable sense of craft which still lives in craftsman and handicraft. Nay, at root cunning and kenning are one and the same word, of which king itself is but a shortened form.

For our English forefathers—let them be English, not Anglo-Saxon, if only as a tribute to the memory of the great historian so lately lost to us, who spent half a lifetime in trying to teach us that Englishmen are Englishmen, and always have been since first they set foot on British soil—our English forefathers, then, chose for their ruler the most cunning man they could find. And the word king lives on unsullied, as if to point the disgrace of its old yoke mate. The disgrace, however, is of recent date. Could words speak, idiot—which is but Greek docked of its last syllable—might cry with poor Ophelia, "We know what we are; we know not what we may be." It meant a man not clothed with public functions; it means a man unfit for any.

In the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," noise signified a band of music. At least Shakespeare uses the word in that sense. But this pleasing sense it has wholly shed, although, by the bye, the epithet "pleasing" would hardly have passed muster with the late Alexander Dumas, who once defined music as "the costliest of noises." Conceited—like Humpty Dumpty—has had a great fall; and clerk a slight one. We can hardly refrain from smiling when Chaucer dubs the great blind Mæonides "that conceited clerk Homere"—although we can not for a moment conceive him with a quill behind his ear and an eyeglass in his sightless eye; and we very well know that Chaucer meant to give him his due as an "imaginative scholar."—National Review.

Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased. Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected the smaller of the two—a pretty sorrel—as a present for his wife.

General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.

Fancy, as the sorrel was named, seemed almost indefatigable. One reason perhaps was that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln county, on the farm of Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general.

One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."

He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him—like a soldier leading his command.

But he was such a pet that his misdemeanors passed for cleverness. He was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.

He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old warhorse may still be seen in a glass case in the library of the home.

A Woman's True Beauty.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race through the varying conditions of 300 years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight.

The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle outward curves, not one inward curve from the chin over the breastbone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size and most repulsively enlarging the natural outward curve of the abdomen.

A slight sketch by an artist would show at once that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man—one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery.

We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of good costumes faithfully represented or idealized by artists we find those giving most pleasure which tend to enhance these differing characteristics.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Theatrical Advertisements.

Among the miscellaneous advertisements of a theatrical paper we notice six persons willing to supply the ladies with tights, eight with jewelry, and armor has a single paragraph devoted to it. "Wanted, a heavy man to combine emperor and cat," reads rather peculiarly, as does "For sale, an electric nose." "Leading lady wanted, to look about sixteen," is one requirement, and "Wanted, low comedian for old woman," is another.

There is a regular menagerie of performing animals for sale, including ten dogs, four elephants, four bears, two goats, two horses, a donkey and a "happy family."

Scenery is procurable in almost any quantity. "For sale, effective village street, with practicable night," "forest with good thunderstorm," "several soldiers' heads for panto," "substantial rustic bridge," "waterfall of galvanized iron with realistic foam" are all obtainable, and "drawing rooms" and "cottage interiors" are galore.—London Tit-Bits.

When John Was in Doubt.

John was a coachman who took life most seriously, and being very particular would return frequently in the course of the day to make sure that he understood the orders that had been given him in the morning. One afternoon he presented himself before his mistress and began:

"Mrs. T——, Oi'm not quite certain as to Mr. T——'s ordher this mornin. Oi was droivin him to the thrain, an he noticed that the horse was lame, an he told me to do somethin to him, mum: but sure Oi don't know whither he told me to shoe him or to shoot him. Meb̃e ye can till me."

A shoeing was evidently required, but the execution of the order and likewise of the horse was deferred until Mr. T—— returned.—Harper's Young People.

Saving Lots of Trouble.

Jack was observed to be vigorously hitting himself in the back with the flat of his hand, and his mamma, surprised at what he was doing, said:

"Why, Jack, what are you up to?"

"I'm savin yoo the trouble, mamma," he replied. "I've been naughty, and I'm spanking myself."—Exchange.

THE BEST

Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

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in croup, sore throat, and the sudden pulmonary diseases to which young children are so liable.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 552 W Fourteenth st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G McGuire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 31st st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec; T McInerney Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, Town hall, Town of Lake.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4722 Bishop-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 520 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre-av; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 28—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 25—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 562; Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 230 N Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 57 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm Watts, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

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Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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The Invention of the Cotton Gin.

No invention has played a larger part in our history than the cotton gin, which was the work of Eli Whitney. Whitney was the son of a poor Massachusetts farmer and worked his way through college without assistance. Soon after the revolution he settled in Georgia and became a teacher to the children of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene. One day when a company of planters were assembled at Mrs. Greene's house near Savannah the depressed condition of the southern states came up for discussion, and it was generally agreed that the chief cause of the existing condition of affairs was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor of separating the fibers of the cotton from the seed. One of the planters suggested that perhaps this work could be done with a machine, and this prompted Mrs. Greene to remark: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything."

Whitney was sent for and the situation explained to him. He told the planters he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life, but he would try what he could do. Next day he procured some unclean cotton, shut himself up in his room and set to work to invent the machine required. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and this aptitude was of the greatest assistance to him in his present task. He was compelled to make the tools and the wire with which he worked, but before winter had ended he had completed his machine. Then he set it up in a shed and invited a number of planters to come and see it work. The delight of his visitors at what they saw was unbounded. Whitney's engine could clean as much coton in one day as a man could clean in a whole winter.—New York Herald.

Got His Fifty Dollars.

I was traveling in Kansas in the early part of the seventies and was at Topeka a night or two after the big Chicago fire. Among the boys at the hotel was a fellow who had lived in the district on the North Side that had been completely swept away by the flames. He was waiting for money to get home when he got the news and was so excited that he could not eat or sleep. The money hadn't come, and he was worked up to the highest pitch. I had just got a remittance from my house, and while I was counting it he came up and told me his "tale of woe." I had never seen the man before, but I let him have fifty dollars, which was half I had.

Time passed, and as I never heard from him I concluded my money was gone, and after a time I forgot it and also the man's name. When in Minneapolis about three years ago some one came to me in the hotel and asked if my name was Wetmore. Said he, "I owe you fifty dollars," and recalled the Topeka incident. It might have been the same man and it might not, for all I remember, but I took the fifty dollars just the same.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Annual Slaughter of Pheasants.

It has been estimated that in the United Kingdom over 400,000 pheasants are killed every season, of which about half find their way into the London market, a supply that could never have been approached by the old system of wild pheasant shooting, or any other than that of careful preservation and rearing for large shooting parties. Of course it is only at the height of the country house season that plump pheasants are procurable at the poulterers' at the ordinary price of chickens, but nevertheless while the luxurious supply lasts townspeople during the greater part of November and December are enabled to dine off roast pheasant at something less than a fourth of its first cost to the producer.—London Tit-Bits.

Parts of Louisiana are adapted to the culture of oranges, and considerable planting has already taken place. Orange culture has also acquired a foothold in Arizona, especially in the Salt river valley and in the valley of the Gila, according to the California Fruit Grower.

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ESTATE OF KATE HOGAN (FORMERLY Kate Barrett), deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Kate Hogan (formerly Kate Barrett), deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 15, 1892.
PATRICK BARRETT,
Administrator of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. Superior Court of Cook County, December term, A. D. 1892. Patrick Kennedy vs. Bridget Kiniry, executrix of the last will and testament of John Kiniry, deceased, Mary Sheridan Egan, Maggie Sheridan and unknown heirs of John Kiniry. In Chancery. No. 144,294.
Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John Kiniry that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1892, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
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